

The Sketch

No. 824.—Vol. LXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1908.

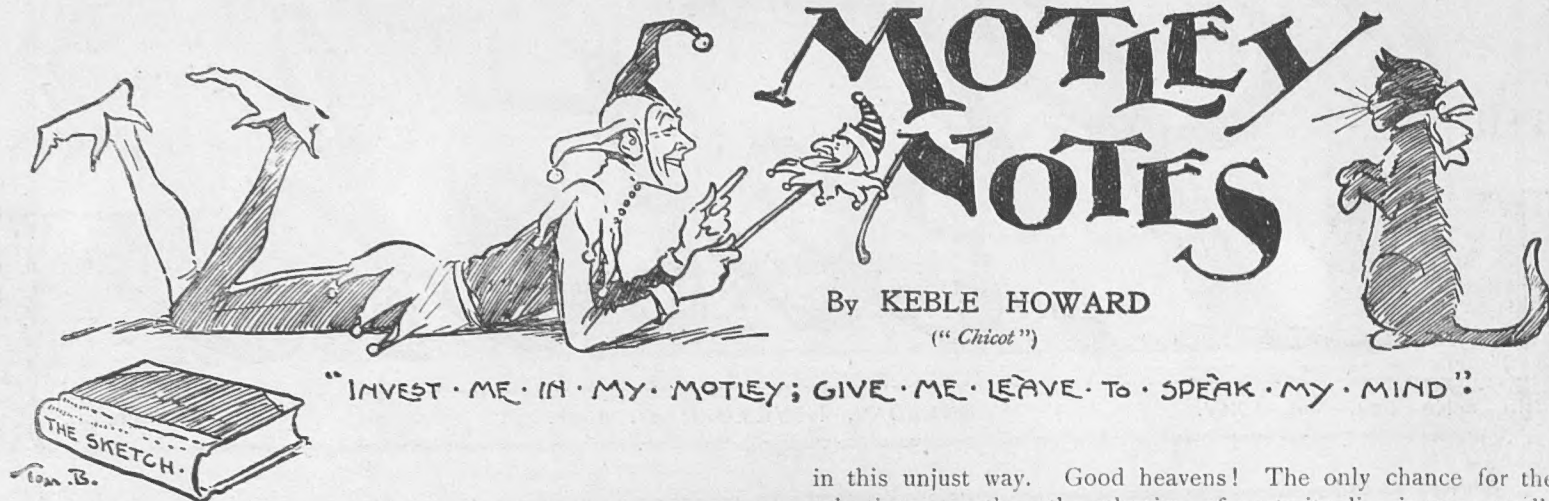
SIXPENCE.



AN ACTRESS AS BACCHUS: MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY AS DIONYSUS IN THE "BACCHÆ" OF EURIPIDES.

It was arranged that the "Bacchæ" of Euripides, translated into rhyming verse by Professor Gilbert Murray, should be given at the Court yesterday (Tuesday), with Miss Lillah McCarthy as Dionysus. Another performance is to be given on the 17th, and both are to aid the Græco-Roman branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund.

Photograph taken specially for the "Sketch" by Bassano.



The Cruelty of Nature.

I was reading, in an evening paper, a dismal letter from a gentleman who announced his intention of committing suicide soon after the letter was posted. Having described his loathsome appearance, his poverty, his battle for twenty years against an insidious disease, he went on to blame Nature for the catastrophe. He had been born without energy, without brains, without pluck, without anything that helps a man to keep his head above water. That very day he had realised that he was one of life's failures, and would therefore rid the earth of such an encumbrance as soon as possible. Save the rags that he wore, which would not hold together for another twenty-four hours, his only possessions in the world were two half-penny stamps. These stamps would frank his letter to the office of the newspaper. A cynical person, maybe, would have asked himself why the starving wretch did not buy a roll with the penny, and then walk down to the office of the paper with his letter. But I am not a cynical person. I am a sentimentalist, and the letter moved me deeply. I laid down the paper, sat back in my chair, and said, not without bitterness: "Nature is very cruel!" I thought I was alone, but a hand was laid upon my shoulder. Looking up with a start, I found my nose within an inch of a wrinkled, kindly old face. 'Twas the old friend of whom I had just spoken so bitterly.

I am Put to Silence.

"Repeat that!" she said, in a challenging tone.
 "The world," I said, "is very cruel."
 "That isn't your first remark."

"I always try to be polite to your sex."
 "Rot! I heard perfectly well what you said."
 "Then why ask me to repeat it?"
 "Just to see if you had the pluck."
 "The man who defies you is a fool."
 "Then you're all fools, for you all defy me."
 "Is that why you're cruel?"
 "Don't beg the question. I am not cruel."
 "What would you call it?"
 "Inexorable. I act according to definite laws."
 "Humane laws?"
 "Certainly. Natural laws are the only humane laws."
 "I don't understand you."
 "That's your own fault. You keep interrupting."
 "Have your fling. I won't say a word."
 "Martyr!" said the Dame, grinning.

Woman-Made Marriages.

None the less, she made haste to avail herself of the opportunity.

"Take your marriages," she began.

"A well-worn topic," I observed.

"All topics are well worn, you cheap idiot! Be silent. At least half of your evils arise out of your marriages. That miserable wretch who has written to the newspaper is the result—granting the letter to be genuine—of a man-made marriage, which means, nine times out of ten, a woman-made marriage. Women cry out for the vote in order that they may right the wrong. Simultaneously, they are sowing the seeds of further wrong—I speak of women generally, and not in particular—by racking their little brains to bring about some marriage or another that will reflect credit upon themselves and the litter to which they belong. I hear people asking why some should be born clever, and some dull? Why some should be born healthy, and others frail? Why some should have grit, determination, energy, initiative, and others be supine and flaccid? They say that I am cruel to arrange matters

in this unjust way. Good heavens! The only chance for their salvation, or, rather, the salvation of posterity, lies in my so-called cruelty. I punish generations unborn in order that I may teach those who look on. It's the only way."

Our Besetting Trouble.

"All this has been going on for some time, hasn't it?"

The old lady sniffed contemptuously. "And he calls that a clever retort."

"I never called it anything of the kind," I protested.

"No; but you think it, all the same. As a matter of fact, it is the hardest hit you could give me. Yes; I admit that all that has been going on for some time, but you have advanced a little. Not very much; just an inch or so every thousand years, that's all. And d'you know the chief cause for your lack of progress?"

"Snobbery?"

"Partly—yes. But it goes much deeper than that. Littleness is your besetting trouble. You are all little. You live in the day, and for the day. You live for your personal gain, your personal success, to satisfy your personal desires, to gratify your personal vanity. Your statesmen play for the passing bauble of popularity. They shirk the great measures lest they should be misunderstood of the people. They tinker at social evils instead of cutting at the roots. They allow a child to be born into the world with the drink-lust in its veins, and then pretend to save that child from its destiny by closing a couple of beershops!"

The Insult of Pessimism.

"I gather that you have no great opinion of our political system?"

"Faugh!" cried the Dame. "Don't talk to me about your political system. Where's the 'system' in it? Show me one politician in any country in the world whose vision is not limited by the date of the next Election and I'll show you the beginnings of a great man. But I didn't come here to talk about politics, or any such namby-pamby stuff as that. Give me a cigarette."

"May I ask you a question, Dame Nature?"

"May you?" She laughed as she lit her cigarette. "You're always at it. Well?"

"Would you bring up a child in the belief that life is happy, or the reverse?"

She stared at me so long and so hard that I began to feel quite uncomfortable. At last—

"Are you trying to insult me?" she asked quietly.

"My dear old friend!"

"Pessimism is always an insult to me. You know that very well. If you don't, it's your own fault. I am all for recreation and life, life, life! Learn that lesson from the flowers, and the trees, and the insects."

Scrapping the Pessimist.

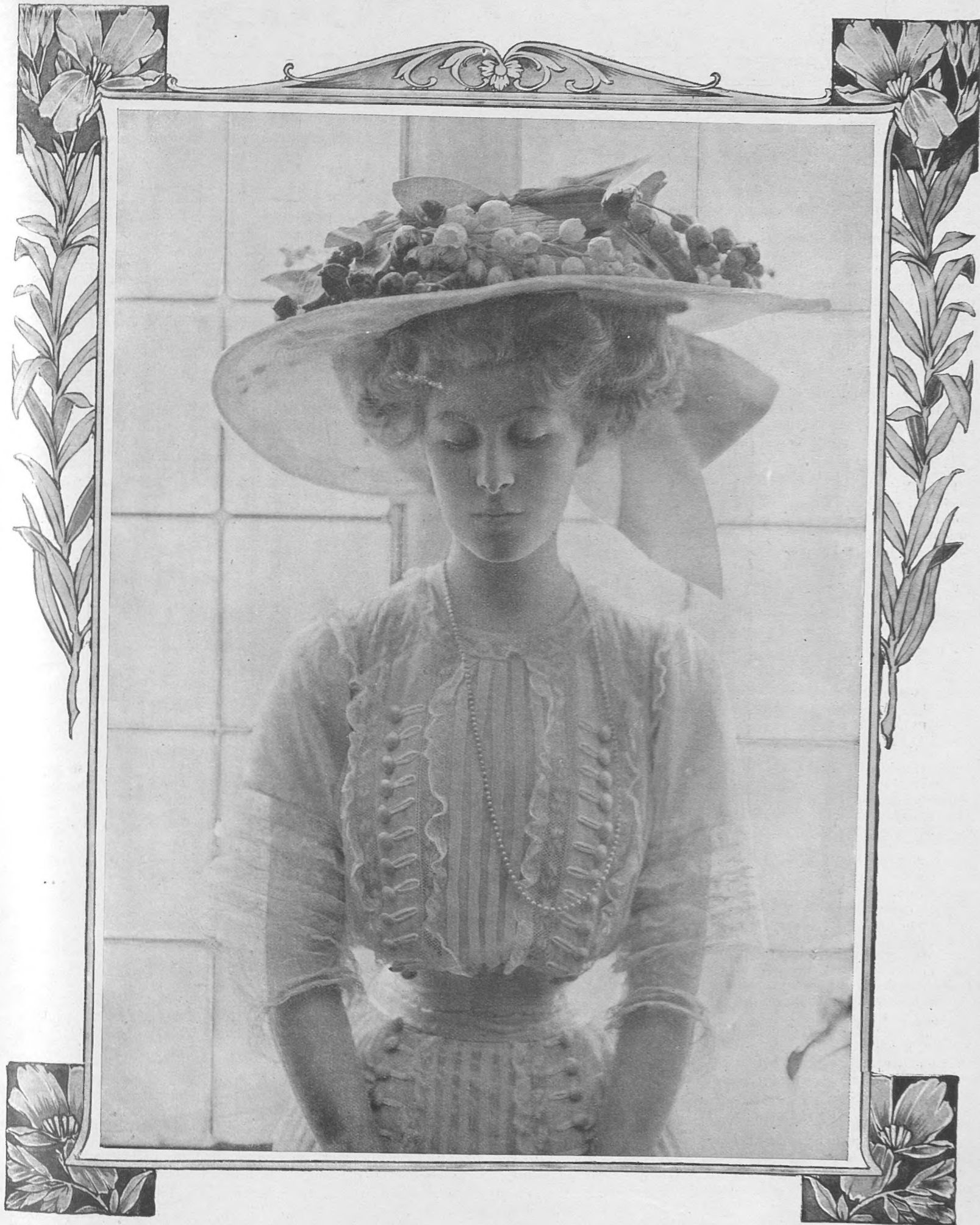
"So that the final outcome of our pleasant little chat is this: instead of being depressed by the evils of the world, we should be cheered by them?"

"You have not, I fear," said the old lady, "a very happy way of expressing yourself. 'Braced' is nearer the word you want. I have no use for the man who sits down and says that life is hopeless because he cannot understand it. I am sorry for him, but I have no further use for him. To that extent, if you like, I am cruel."

"For the rest, you merely keep a tight hand on us?"

"I do, laddie, and, by the saints, it sometimes makes my fingers ache!"

THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF THE HEAD OF THE DAWSON-DAMERS.



THE COUNTESS OF PORTARLINGTON, FORMERLY MISS WINIFREDA YUILL.

The Countess is the only child of Mr. George Skelton Yuill, the great Australian millionaire, and her marriage to the sixth Earl of Portarlington took place last year. Lord Portarlington, who was born in August 1883, succeeded to the title eight years ago. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

MR. H. A. BARKER, THE BONE-SETTER.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

SOME time ago I wrote an article for *The Sketch* upon the work of Mr. H. A. Barker, of Park Lane, whose operations have for many years caused so much criticism and wonderment. In this paper I propose to give a faithful account of some of these operations which have brought the young practitioner well-deserved fame, and which, by their almost universal success, are gradually also bringing about a change in the attitude of the orthodox surgeons towards this branch of their profession—a branch which has hitherto been, as they themselves acknowledge, almost entirely neglected. Both Hutton and Atkinson—Mr. Barker's immediate predecessors—did much, it is true, to direct attention to their efforts in this direction; but Mr. Barker has demanded it with such persistent determination that his work is now more seriously regarded by the Faculty than it has ever been in the history of his calling.

It is now pretty generally conceded that the knife, in connection with joint irregularities and deformities, has been unnecessarily called into use in only too many cases; and Mr. Barker's crusade is mainly directed against the too-frequent use of the surgeon's lancet, and his constant plea—which, of course, he always puts into practice himself—is for the more rational application of the methods of the bloodless surgeon—the methods of pressing, coaxing, and forcing dislocated and deformed bones, muscles, and tendons into their normal condition and position. These were the methods of his two great predecessors, these, with the modifications and improvements rendered inevitable by time, practice, and experience, are the methods which have brought Mr. Barker considerable fame, and his innumerable patients throughout the world ease and cure. So much for generalities.

I propose now to enter into detail concerning those cases in which all classes of the community, and amongst them many of the best-known people, both in the social and athletic world—in which world, naturally, most of his cures are effected—have availed themselves of his system of non-cutting surgery, for these operations are rightly regarded as triumphant evidence of the wisdom of his methods generally.

Some years ago, a ship's-painter named William Woods had an accident which occasioned concussion and partial dislocation of the spine. A state of paralysis of one side rapidly supervened, and Woods, who could only just hobble along, bent almost double, was given up as a hopeless case by his own surgeon, and at the local hospital he was told he would never be fit for work again. At this juncture he was sent to Mr. Barker. After three or four slight operations, a perfectly normal condition of the back was brought about, and Woods has ever since been as fit a man as he was before his accident. This operation—probably without equal in the history of this phase of surgery—was almost duplicated a few months since in the case of a miner of Merthyr Tydvil, named Evans. These were cases of actual injury and displacement of the spine caused by accident, but Mr. Barker assures me that in practically every case of spinal curvature in the young, a complete cure can be brought about by his manipulations without the aid of those cumbersome

mechanical appliances which are so often and so ineffectively called into use by the old-fashioned methods of unprogressive orthodoxy. Even in adults, Barker's system results, if not in absolute cure, in, at all events, wonderful improvement.

But it is probably in knee-cases, as the whole athletic world well knows—that Mr. Barker achieves his greatest successes. There is scarcely a case of this variety, either in the world of Society or of sport, which does not sooner or later pass through the English specialist's hands. Mr. L. J. Moon, the clever Middlesex cricketer, who until recently was the victim of a troublesome knee-cartilage displacement which surgeon after surgeon failed to cure, has been perfectly sound since Mr. Barker's operation. A similar case in the athletic world—to mention only one out of many scores—

was that of Mr. I. G. Witherington, the old Corinthians football-player.

In all these cases the cutting operation was considered by some of the leading surgeons in the country to be the only means of cure. These two instances alone are more than sufficient evidence to show that there is something rotten in the state of—surgery! At all events, so far as this special department of it is concerned.

So common are these cartilage cases that Mr. Barker has operated upon upwards of fifty of them in one week, and, in his opinion, the practice of cutting the dislocated piece away is not justifiable in one case out of a hundred where it is performed.

One of Mr. Barker's most recent operations in this direction was upon Admiral Selfridge, of the U.S. Navy (whose son was killed the other day in Mr. Orville Wright's aeroplane accident), in which instance a knee-lameness of twelve months' duration was cured in as many days.

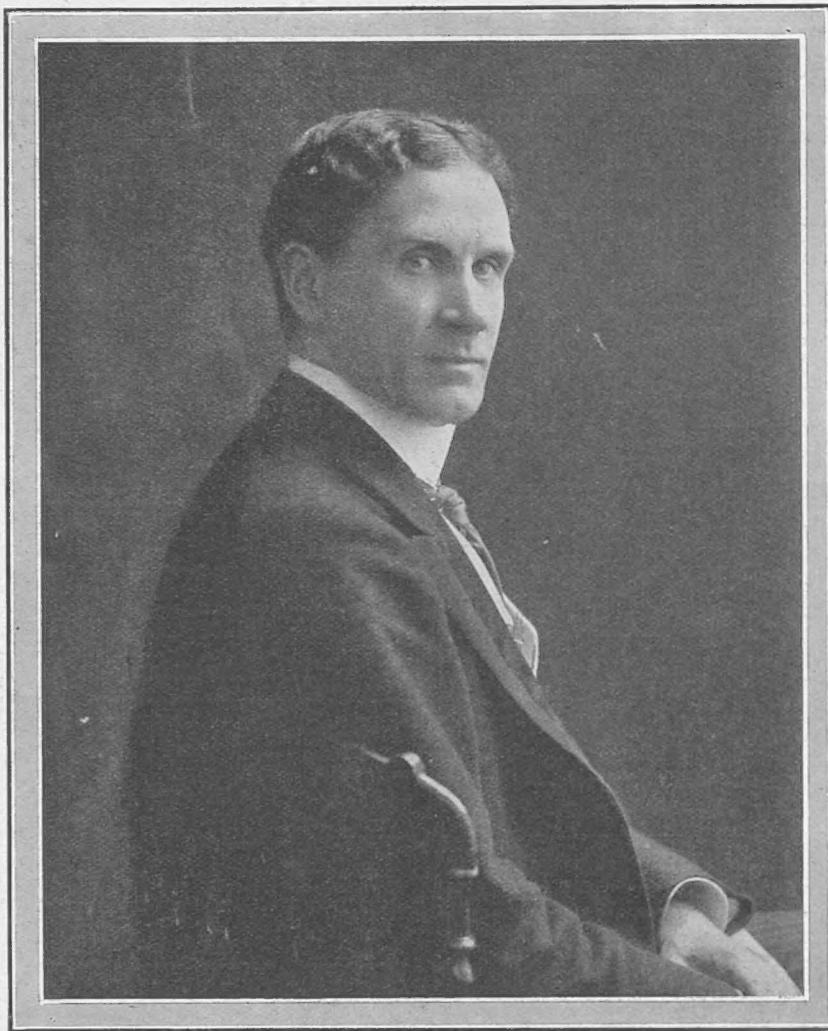
Mr. Barker tells me that one of the commonest forms of lameness is caused by adhesions in the ankle following an old strain. People put up with this condition of things for years, even when the injury is so bad that the slightest pavement irregularity causes acute pain, until,

often, disease of the joint has established a firm hold upon the patient. By a slight operation, involving neither pain nor risk, the whole trouble can be got rid of in a few days.

Mr. Barker treats all kinds of dislocations, strains, and deformities by the simple use of strong, practised, accurate hands, hands which are sufficient in themselves to inspire confidence in the most nervous, and he attributes his success very largely to the enormous number of cases he has handled, and the experience they have inevitably brought him, and to a real love of his work.

His house in Park Lane is a sort of fashionable Lourdes, to which cripples resort from all parts of the world. Amongst prominent athletes who have most recently passed through Mr. Barker's hands have been Lord Hawke; C. C. Page, the Middlesex cricketer; Mr. Leveson-Gower, Mr. Simpson-Hayward, and a host of others. Thus, if Mr. Barker is Society's surgeon in regard to bone injuries, he is certainly the athlete's chief adviser in such matters. In a very literal sense of the word, therefore, one may well wish him more power to his elbow.

The present photo of the subject of my article gives a more faithful presentment of the young operator, perhaps, than any yet published.



MR. H. A. BARKER.

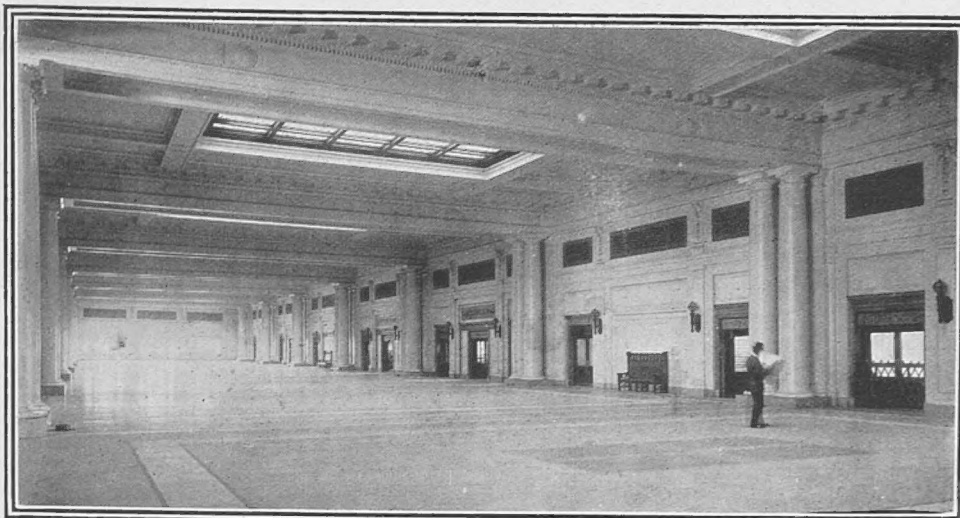
Photograph by Vandyk.

THE MODERN CRIER: NEWS BY THE CAMERA



THE BIGGEST CHAIR IN THE WORLD: A REMARKABLE ADVERTISEMENT AT GARDNER. Gardner is the High Wycombe of America. The chair stands on the lawn of the local railway-station.

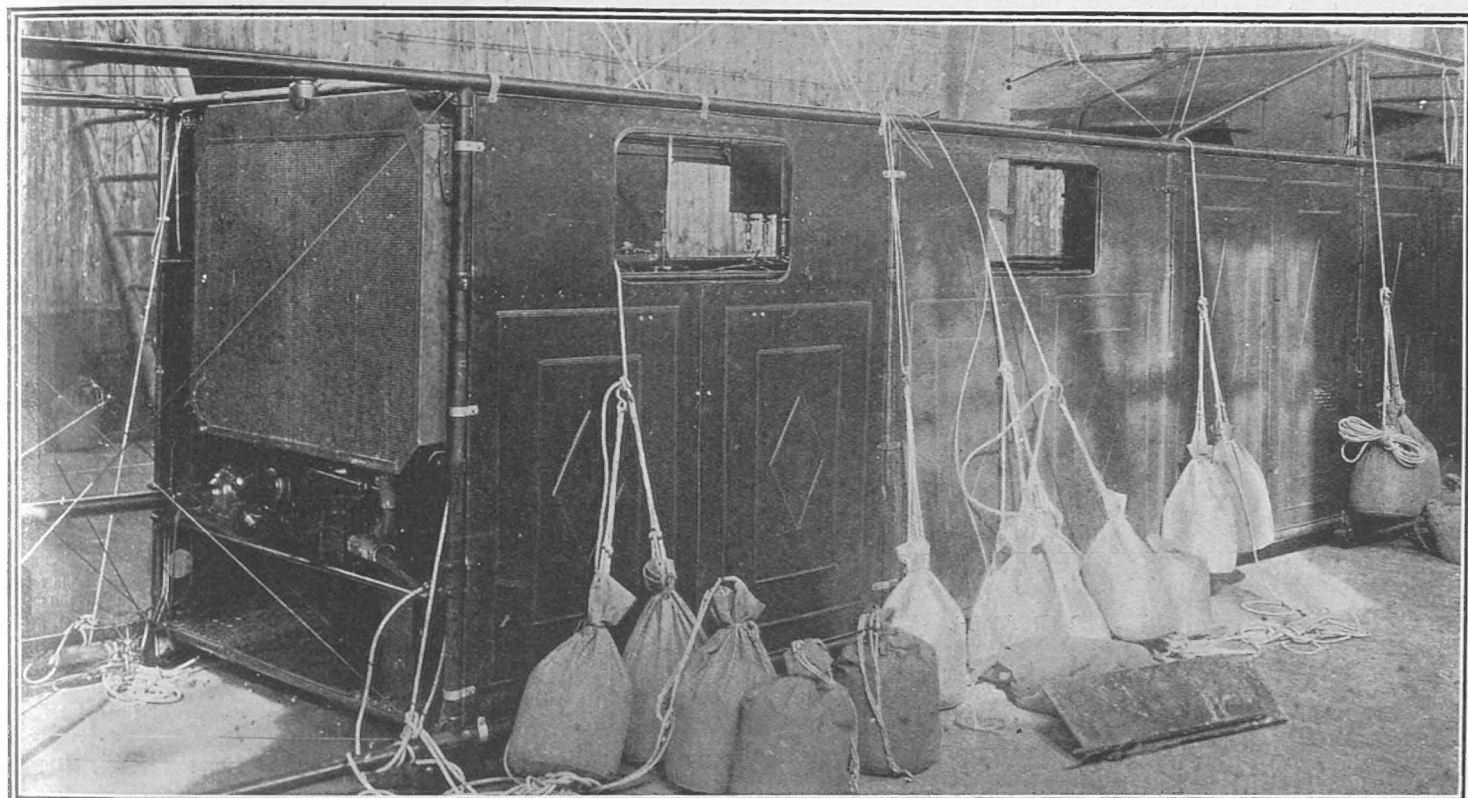
Photograph by the Boston Photo News Co.



A RAILWAY STATION THAT MIGHT BE A ROYAL BALL-ROOM: THE MARBLE STATION IN NEW YORK.

The station is one of those of the Lackawanna Railway, and has an interior that is entirely of marble. The general resemblance of this to many a palatial ball-room is obvious.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



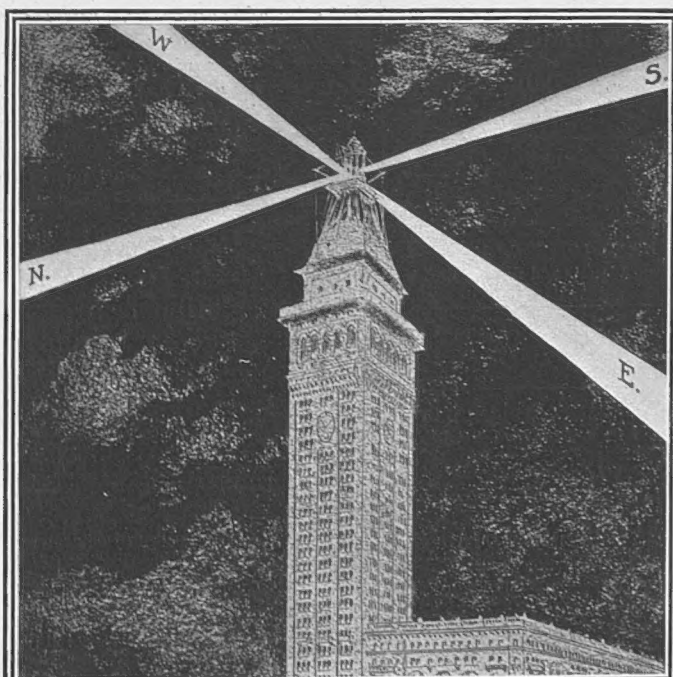
Photograph by Rol and Co.

FOR USE WHEN THE BALLOON IS A PUBLIC CONVEYANCE: THE CAR FOR TEN PASSENGERS CONSTRUCTED FOR THE BAYARD-CLÉMENT DIRIGIBLE.



CHOSEN SWEEPSTAKES FASHION TO BE A REPRESENTATIVE PEER: LORD ASHTOWN.

Lord Ashtown was elected a representative Irish peer by lot. His name and Lord Farnham's were placed in a glass. Sir Henry Graham then withdrew one of the slips, and announced that it bore the name of Lord Ashtown.



ELECTION RESULTS BY SEARCHLIGHT: THE "NEW YORK HERALD'S" METHOD OF SIGNALLING THE RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The searchlight was stationed on the top of the Metropolitan Insurance Building in Madison Square, New York, which is 700 feet high, and can be seen from a distance of forty miles. A steady light to the north meant "Taft elected"; to the south, "Bryan elected"; to the west, "Hughes elected"; to the east, "Chandler elected." The device proved as successful as it was simple, and many learned the first news of the result of the election from the beam of light to the north.

Photograph by Bolak.



THE EXTRAORDINARY ANNUITY ACTION AT THE LAW COURTS: MRS. WAGSTAFF.

An action was brought against Mrs. Dorothy Josephine Wagstaff by a lady who was a friend of hers to claim arrears of an annuity agreed to be paid by the defendant to the plaintiff. The jury gave a verdict for Mrs. Wagstaff. —[Photograph by Halfones.]

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OUR OLYMPIA SHOW SUPPLEMENT.

IN this issue of *The Sketch* we follow our custom of the past
few years by publishing a Motor Supplement, in which we
endeavour to direct the attention of our readers to exhibits
at the Automobile Exhibition at Olympia which, all else neglected,
they must not miss if they would feel that they have in any wise
completely done the Show. As far as possible we have dealt with
the best home and the best foreign exhibits, but only with them in
an attempt to indicate the special and interesting features which
call for attention. Here the design of a crank-chamber, there the
casting of cylinders; on one hand the method of lubrication, on
the other, the construction of a back-axle, have seemed to us to be
points which signal out one exhibit from another. But because we
may have instanced but one or two features in a chassis, it must not
be presumed that there remain no further refinements to inspect and
admire. Space, and space alone, has forbidden reference to
hundreds of points of design and construction which richly merit
attention; but having brought our readers nigh to these, we are
content in the hope that they will discover much for themselves.
The readers of *The Sketch* who visit the Show will assuredly share
the opinion we have formed by much pre-Show examination of
exhibits that on all hands most exemplary progress has been made
in many ways during the past twelve months.

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VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and
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Nov. 11, 1908.

{Signature.....}

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

LAST Wednesday, just after I had come out in *The Sketch*, and all the people who matter in the civilised world were takin' me in with their coffee, Boulter Hepburn and Watts trotted in upon me to show me patterns for a suit to wear in a fog—a matter to which I have been devotin' careful consideration. B. H. and W., bein' a brainy and perceptive cove, a clothes-builder beyond words excellent, gave me a spasm of real joy and a quiver of exquisite pain. Of course, that's fearfully poetical and all that, but after a man has been writin' for a bit, it's wonderful what a temptation it is to say simple things in a mazy manner—what? The fact remains, however. The spasm came from the sight of a piece of cloth that suggested the twinklin' lights of a town as seen through a porthole—white on black—a sort of Here-I-come suit. Just right. But the quiver was brought about by a bated and reproachful remark as to recent alterations of my girth—infin-itesimal, but appallin'! I fainted, and I don't wonder. I mean I fainted inwardly; but being an Englishman on every side, I remained outwardly calm. A horrid strain.

Are you followin' me closely? There was a shortsilence. —the sort of silence you see on the stage just after the ill-bred husband hands his wife a letter on the Bachelor's notepaper, beginning, "My ownest Baby," the silence that is broken by the dropping of the lady's hair-comb

(ain't it really amazin' how well they time these big-effects, on the stage, b'Jove!)—and I said, steadyin' my voice, "What—am—I—to—do?" The answer was short, decisive, and Scotch. "Gowf."

What? You may not remember my well-turned phrases as to this simple pastime, invented by Caledonians to encourage a thirst. At the time they very nearly brought about Home Rule in Scotland. Well, I started playin' the day after the interview—weak as I was—and *I've not left off since for one second*. I thought it was a game. Poor dear old Bee! It's a disease, old man, an incurable complaint. It began with the usual symptoms. I was put up for a club, and was permitted to go round pendin' election. Bright notion. I then bought three wooden clubs and six irons—the best outfit on the market. Never havin' held any of 'em before, never havin' walked over a links in my lifetime, I went round with the pro. and beat bogie. General amazement. Pro. surly, steward pappy with delight, fellow-members round-eyed, caddies eloquently silent, me patronisin'. Then luncheon.

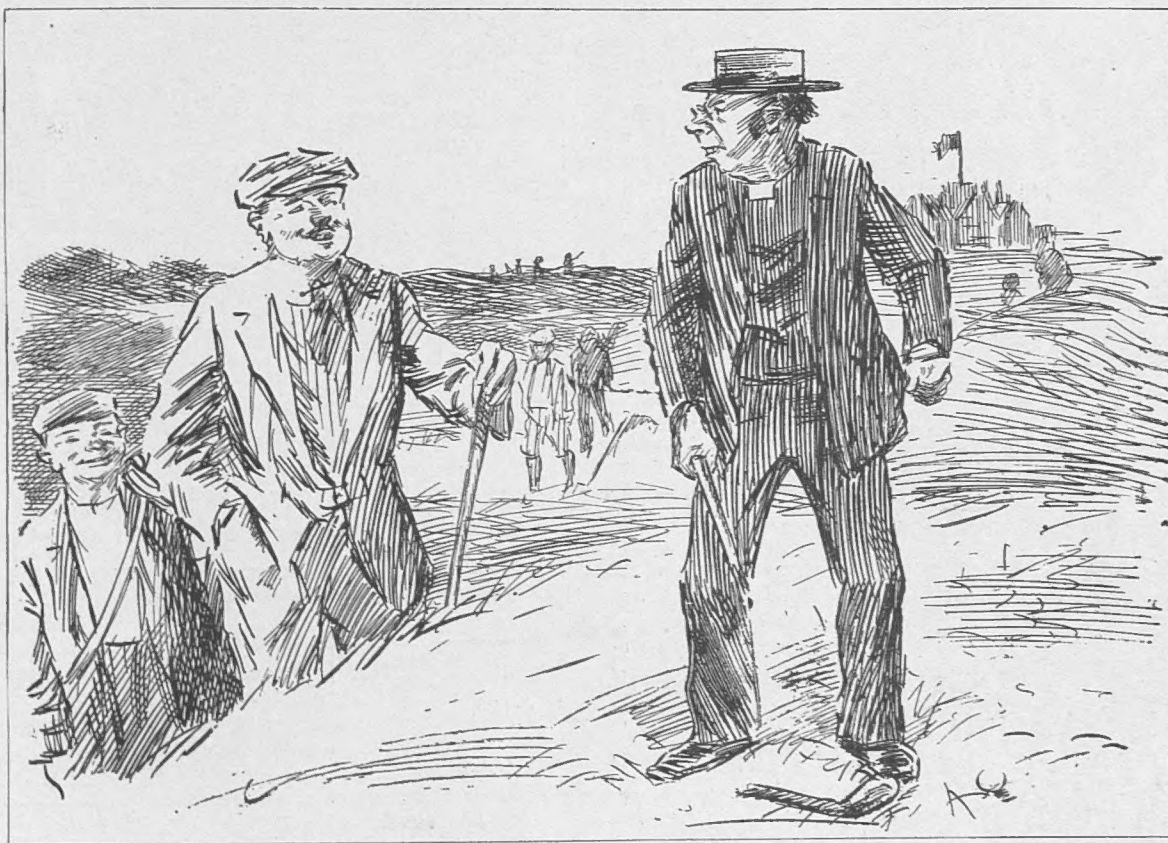
Now then. Durin' luncheon—cold beef, beer, pickled onions, dead-fly biscuits, and a glass of port—bright and instructive conversation with a plus two. Result: three new wooden clubs, six new irons. 2.30: out again, givin' the pro. a stroke. I can't explain it if it's too technical. He asked for it and I gave it. What's called a gallery out to watch us drive off. My honour. Caddie built up a

miniature Pelée of sand, flattened it with his grubby palm, placed my Challenger lightly upon it and withdrew to whisper to a sort of boy with a cigarette behind his ear and his feet nearly all in a pair of woman's boots. I examined the flag, a small matter of four hundred and fifty-eight yards away, with three yards of charmin' water, one silly little cuttin', and two nicely designed and not undecorative bunkers in between, let fly, shuddered to think that my ball had collided with the pin—Scotch for flag—heard a snigger, and discovered the ball snatchin' forty winks on the sand. I said, "What?" and a man I've known by sight for ten years imitated a corkscrew. He may consider himself completely at an end.

Have you got as far as this? If so, the next thing I did was to let fly again. Whether I hadn't got over my surprise or not I can't say. The ball was found under two leaves exactly three feet away. "Very

straight, all the same," said the pro. The sort of boy had a species of fit, and will never in his life be able to pawn my shootin' boots now. And so it went on, d'y'see, the whole way round. I hit everything except the ball, and all I did to that pale round of studied insouciance was to make ugly-lookin' marks on it. Well, that's gowf. Now I know why the Scotch invented whisky, poor devils.

All that's a week ago. I have played the game ever since.



AS MAGGIE SHAND WOULD HAVE SAID IT.

THE LAY GOLFER: What in thunder are you shouting "Assouan" over and over again like that for?

THE CLERICAL GOLFER: Why? . . . If you weren't as ignorant as you are, you'd know it was the biggest dam on earth!

[DRAWN BY HOPE READ.]

On the links, at every meal, and all night in my sleep. On the dream-links I created a sort of panic by goin' round in a suit of heliotrope-silk pyjamas and red-morocco slippers, and, in my dreams and in reality—doocid slushy reality too, b'George—I've only played one ball in the plus-twenty style of my first day. And, I will add this. I read nothin' else and I talk nothin' else but golf. Each evenin' I've dined with a hardened golfer, and each mornin' the first thing I've done is to go forth and buy three new wooden clubs and six new irons. So that I now possess eighteen wooden clubs and thirty-six irons, six bags, and a collection of every sort of ball that's made. To-morrow I'm going with a scientific cove who has just been through the divorce court for desertin' his wife for golf, and the bankruptcy court for desertin' his business for golf, to buy an entirely new set of short clubs with rounded bottoms. Also, I've designed some golf clothes that will frighten bogie—what? I'm to be fitted to-day. Because I hold this, and I hold it firmly. It's true that golf was imagined and brought to life by Scots. It's true that golf is now played by untold thousands of heterogeneous coves. But why on earth it should be played in abortive vestments that would be scoffed at by a self-respectin' tramp I can't for the life of me see. Whatever your plus twos may do, I—dear old Bee—with a handicap only to be mentioned in a whisper to a deaf man, am goin' to remain respectable.

THE CLUBMAN

FROM PADUA TO VENICE—THE NOISES OF THE RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI—SUNRISE OVER THE LAGOON—
THE NEW CAMPANILE.

I USED to regret that it had always been my lot to arrive at Venice at midnight, and thus to miss the beauties of the country which lies between Padua and the Adriatic city. I passed through that part of the country last week in the early afternoon, and I never made a more disappointing journey. The country is all little fields, with rows of small trees planted in them—trees on which the vines climb and throw out their trailing shoots. These rows of little trees run in parallel lines, and as the train rushes past, the lines seem to spin like the spokes of a wheel. Along the railway on both sides are planted thin hedges of ash, and to look through this light hedge at the lines of trees is to make one's eyes ache and one's head grow dizzy.

Venice at midnight is quiet except in the squares and on the quays, and after the noise and rattle of the train, the silent journey down the dark canals, with the guttural "A-oel" of the gondolier as he turns a corner as the only sound, is restful and impressive; but as I left the Maritime Station on this occasion a passenger-boat came steaming past on one side of my gondola, and a Government tug on the other, both whistling their throttles out, and I began to wonder whether I was really in Venice or in some busy North Sea port. In some ways Venice is deteriorating. It is becoming fussy and very noisy in parts, and the hand of the curio-dealer is getting far too firm a grasp on the town. Over the door of every other big palace on the Grand Canal is a notice that it is a museum devoted to antique art, and the name of a dealer is in smaller letters underneath the notice. One after another the houses of the old Venetian nobility are becoming the shops of Hebrew dealers.

The noises on the Riva degli Schiavoni at night and in the early morning are more disturbing than those of the busiest London street or of any fishing-port. Quite by chance I am occupying the same bedroom which was given me thirty odd years ago, when I first stayed at Venice on my way to Egypt and the Far East. It is a rabbit-hutch of a room in the entresol of a big hotel. My complaint against the room on the occasion of my earliest visit to Venice was, I remember, that the gondoliers sat on a bench just underneath the window and talked the night through. There is no bench there now, but three companies of little steamers have their landing-stages at the quay, and they all run their boats at ten to twenty minutes intervals from six a.m. to midnight.

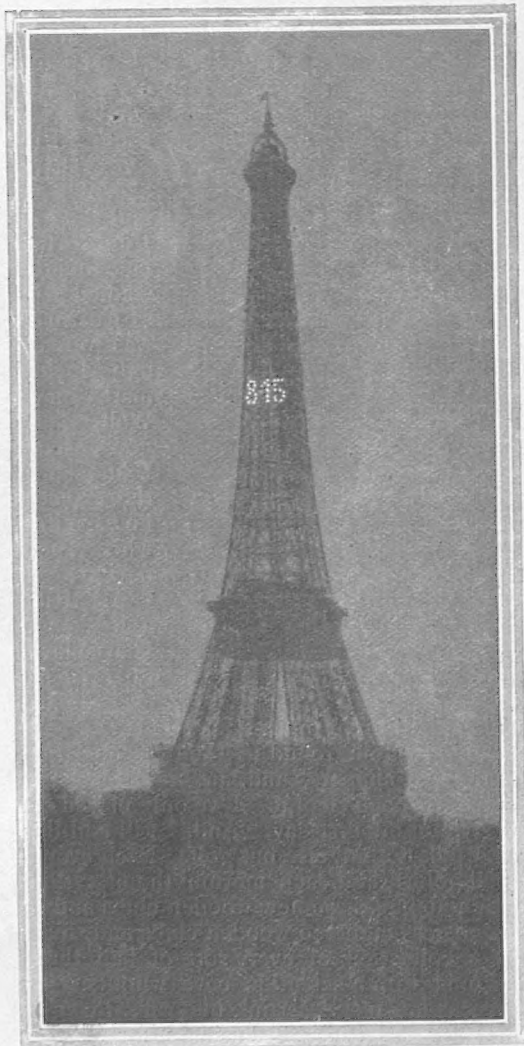
Each boat sounds

No sooner have the whistles and sirens commenced than the bells of all the churches join in. Bass and tenor, contralto and soprano, they clamour to all good Christians to wake and come to Matins. There is one great bell which is cracked, and its sound is that of a beaten tea-tray; and there is a very shrill little bell which is the most persistent of all.

Thanks to the boats and the churches, I have seen the Venetian sunrise daily, and I wonder that more painters have not put it on canvas, for the effect is very beautiful. A long trail of brown mist lies over the Adriatic and the buildings and towers of St. Andrea and St. Nicolo, and those on the Lido show dark against it. The lights of the islands and forts twinkle at the water's-edge, for the lamps burn all night long in Venice, and the clear sky above is radiant with the golden dawn.

Night has its select assortment of noises. There is never a moment when the feet do not clack on the grey stones, and it seems to me as I lie and doze that every other man who passes sings as he goes home. One night a band returned to Venice on one of the steamers. It was past midnight when they landed, but the hour did not prevent them from playing a short selection of airs, including a stirring march. Somebody made a speech, and there was much applause, after which the band went away, playing another march. There is only one noisier spot than the quay of Venice that I know, and that is the Pacifico Square, in Seville. There, when the bells of the trams cease at night, the bells of the mules, bringing provisions into the town, commence. I have every reason to believe that between two and five a.m. Venice goes to sleep. The men by the lemonade-stalls and their friends talk, and the dogs bark and fight the night through in the town of oranges.

Venice is being repaired very thoroughly just now, and there is hardly a single public building that is not in splints. The Campanile, on the great square, is being built up at quite a rapid pace, and has now risen to the height where the stonework of its extinguisher top begins. The bricks used are exactly of the same pink-and-white and light brown tones as were those of the tower which collapsed, and when it has been rained upon and scorched by the sun for a few years nobody will remember that it is a new tower, and not the one which fell so ingloriously. One of the domes of Santa Maria della Salute is surrounded with scaffolding, and on one side of the Palace of the Doges a hoarding has been put up. The colonnade of the north side of the square is being set in order, and shop after shop has to close for a while to allow the workmen to rebrick the vaulted ceiling.



815 BY THE EIFFEL TOWER: A TIMEPIECE THAT IS 985 FEET HIGH.

For some time it was the custom to announce noon by gun-fire from the Eiffel Tower; now giant figures affixed to the tower serve the same purpose—indeed, do much more, for they mark every five minutes of the day. At night the illuminated figures can be seen from a great distance.

Photograph by Delius.

its siren or its whistle before it starts, when it starts, before it arrives, and when it arrives, and as soon as the clocks strike six sleep becomes a forbidden luxury.



FERRY-BOATS INSTEAD OF FAIRY BOOTS: A FIREWORK-MAKER GETTING INTO THE LARGE SAFETY BOOTS WORN IN THE FACTORY.

Photograph by L. N. A.

A BANK GUARD THAT SLEEPS ON THE ROOF: WATCHING OVER THE BANK OF FRANCE.



1. THE GREAT IRON RAILINGS THAT DIVIDE THE ROOF OF THE BANK OF FRANCE INTO PARTS, EACH OF WHICH IS GUARDED.
 2. TWO OF THE WATCHMEN WHO ARE ON GUARD DAY AND NIGHT ON THE ROOF OF THE BANK OF FRANCE.
 3. THE WATCH-TOWER OF THE BANK OF FRANCE, AND THE STAIRCASES WHICH GIVE ACCESS TO THE DIFFERENT QUARTERS OF THE ROOF.
- The Bank of France, like the Bank of England, is guarded with the greatest care. Watchmen patrol its roof day and night, and at night the guards take it in turn to sleep upon the roof. The roof itself is divided into sections by means of stout iron railings, and each section is separately patrolled. Most of the guardians are ex-firemen.



SMALL TALK

NOT every Liberal was, like Mr. Winston Churchill, a "last boy" at school. Mr. Harold Spender was, in 1882, "head boy" of Bath College, and, like his brother Alfred, holds a good record at Oxford. Nor is Mr. Asquith's career at the City of London School

And there is, of course, no reason why Mme. Novikoff should conspire, whether she be, as is suggested, the secret agent of the Russian police, or (as is in fact much nearer the mark) the special London correspondent of the Tsar. If, incidentally, her mission in this country is to instruct

LAST WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING: PRINCESS MARIA PIA OF CASERTA.

The Princess is the third daughter of the Count de Caserta, who would be King of the Two Sicilies if right were might.

Photograph by Numa Blanc.

without reassurance as to the scholarship of the party. But let us not have too much concern for the boys who were the fathers, if the poet's phrase is to be believed, of the men about us. It was a prize for literature, and neither for theology nor good conduct, that the ruling Pope gained when he was *not* winning his Waterloos on the playing-fields of a very humble North-Italian substitute for Eton.

The Tale of a Stamp.

"Habit is second nature," says a platitude impressed upon us from our cradles. But it is impossible not to smile, with Mr. Henniker Heaton, when he shows you a letter from Mr. Roosevelt congratulating him on Anglo-American penny postage, and you discover on its envelope a twopenny-halfpenny stamp! Of course, a secretary did the contrary deed, and the President has no longer need to concern himself greatly about the doings or undoings of an enormous staff. While in office he cannot help himself—he is always worrying over the inefficiencies of underlings. Impulsive as a child—as his daughter, indeed—he never can learn to make those allowances for secretaries which secretaries, in their turn, also must make for those who serve them. Lord Beaconsfield understood the thing perfectly, and when, one morning in Curzon Street, he found Lord Rowton out of temper because his servant had packed some wrong clothes for him, he murmured some excuse for the offending servant. "Oh, but he is such an idiot," was the petulant retort. "And would he be a servant if he were *not* an idiot?" asked the chief. And the moral is this: that the man who never puts on the wrong stamp need not be a secretary—he could be President himself.

"Dine and Conspire."

"To dine and to conspire, at 7.30," was the form of invitation issued by a hostess whose chief guest, the other evening, was Mme. Novikoff. But the pheasant proved to be more apparent than the conspiracy, and Mme. Novikoff did no more than introduce just such a suspicion of mystery to the party as the chef had introduced to the entrée.

MISS STANHAM (NIECE).

MISS NORTHOVER (NIECE).



LAST WEEK'S ROYAL WEDDING: PRINCE LOUIS OF ORLEANS.

The Prince is a cousin of the family to which he has just become allied. The wedding was attended by many royalties.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.

England as to the true state of Russian affairs, her task is no easy one. She has, however, found time to write a book of Memoirs, which, even if no veil is raised, will be interesting for its pictures of eminent persons. It is perhaps because of Mme. Novikoff's provokingly undefined position in the political world that so many of the men and women she has met have struck her as being of a questioning and even inquisitive temper. If you are yourself something of a human conundrum you must not resent in your intercourse with your fellow-creatures a slight undercurrent of quizzing.

A Plymouth Brother Jonathan.

Mr. Waldorf Astor, as a prospective candidate for

MISS IDA SAMUEL.

Parliamentary honours at Plymouth, paid a visit to the West the other day; and certainly, if he is to sit in the House of Commons, it is fit and proper that he should stand, or sit, for a town that pretty closely neighbours the Atlantic, and is among the nearest to the land of his birth. There is a common opinion in Plymouth that Mr. Waldorf Astor's family fortunes are mixed up with those of theatres and hotels and a restaurant in New York. These festive associations do the candidate no harm in the constituency he is wooing; nor will he find his youth any bar to his popularity so long as he treats it as a

thing to be apologised for in the presence of a middle-aged audience, as he did the other day—the happy hypocrite!

The Hobby of an Admiral.

Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes, who commands the sea at Devonport, has a hobby which takes him upon a good many adventurous expeditions on land. He is a collector of engraved portraits of famous seamen; and these he searches out and salutes in the bric-à-brac shops of seaports. But there are salutes that are less complimentary to the portraits of bygone naval heroes; as Sir Wilmot found when he had them neatly framed, and all too firmly affixed to the walls of his state cabin. Alas! the first time the big guns on board were fired, they became a veritable crack of doom to the Admiral's portrait-gallery: the frames started, the glass was shattered, and the popularity of the portfolio became assured.

MISS DORIS TRUSCOTT
(NIECE).



MISS HANSON. MISS PHYLLIS TRUSCOTT (NIECE). MISS WELLSMAN.



MAIDS-OF-HONOUR TO THE LADY MAYORESS (LADY TRUSCOTT).

Photographs by Langflier.

SWEET ELOPEMENTS: LOVE-SCENES IN SUGAR.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



1. FIGHTING FOR THE HAND OF THE QUEEN OF THE TOURNAMENT.
2. AN ELOPEMENT TO GRENA GREEN.
3. SERENADING HIS LADY FAIR.
4. HONEYMOON BY MOTOR-CAR.
5. THE CAKE.
6. TRYING A MAN FOR BEING A BACHELOR.
7. THE GOLDEN AGE.
8. THE SILVER AGE.
9. THE STEEL AGE.

The remarkable cake here illustrated in detail is in royal icing, is the work of Mr. Edwin Schur, and was exhibited at the Cookery and Food Exhibition in the Horticultural Hall. The episode that bears the date 2000 A.D. shows a judge and jury of women about to try a man who has been found to be a bachelor after the prohibited age, and has been arrested by policewomen.—[Photographs supplied by Topical.



HEIRESS OF ADMIRAL SIR
ALGERNON HENEAGE: MISS CECIL
HENEAGE.

It is interesting to note how many of our famous commanders on land and sea are the fathers of daughters. Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, and last, not least, Admiral Sir Algernon Heneage, have daughters as heirs, and one of the most charming girls in Naval society is Miss Cecil Heneage, who is an only child.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

the better. And everybody is a diplomatist nowadays, except, perhaps, on occasion the Kaiser.

A German Invasion.

Peeresses with ancient memories are reminding each other that the present difficulties of feminine access to the Houses of Parliament are not without parallel in the past. Even the Peeresses' Gallery itself, in the House of Commons, has been the scene of "Fair Ladies in Revolt." During Lord Stanley's vote of censure on Palmerston, in 1850, the Prussian Minister, Baron Bunsen, was observed to be sitting among the ladies. Lady Melbourne and Lady Newport, who could find no room, complained of his presence, and asked him to withdraw. On his refusing, Lord Brougham addressed the House, saying, "If he does not come down I shall move your Lordships to enforce the order of the House. It is intolerable, as he has

WHO is the Kaiser's interviewer? Of course, a good many people know him, and he is well worth knowing, apart altogether from this crowning escapade of the pen. But journalists do not betray one another, and if Lord Burnham decides that it is best to use a little blind by describing his correspondent as a diplomatist, nobody is a penny the worse, but everybody who spends that sum on the *Daily Telegraph* very much more than a penny

a favourable impression. What really wins the highest approval at a Church Congress is length of beard; and in this department the Devonshire Baronet has no local compeer. There is, I suppose, something particularly *lay* about it now that the clergy are all shaven; and also—though this seems a contradiction—there is something apostolic and prophetic about it too, thanks to the love of the Old Masters for "the bearded counsellors of Heaven." Short speeches and



TO MARRY MAJOR D'ARCY
LEGARD: LADY EDITH
FOLJAMBE.

St. Peter's, Eaton Square, has always been a favourite temple of Hymen, and already several important marriages have taken place there this autumn. To-morrow week St. Peter's will see a most distinguished bridal, for Major d'Arcy Legard, of the 17th Lancers, will then lead to the altar the eldest of Lord Liverpool's six half-sisters.

Photograph by Lafayette.

short sermons are rather unpopular in Devon, where they like to see how much endurance a speaker has, as if he were a batter holding the wicket or a swimmer attempting the Channel. But Sir John's success is due less to the length of his oration than to the length of his beard.

"The Wondrous Wife." Lady Grosvenor, who has just been busy bazaar-opening, is a woman of many and great responsibilities. She is, for instance, the mother-in-law of that potential tenor Lord Shaftesbury, and the mother of the Duke of Westminster, who has again gone after big game in South Africa. Moreover, she is the wife of a politician—and that is the worst luck of all, unless you take politics, as Lady Grosvenor does, very seriously. Mr. George Wyndham may or may not be a future Prime Minister; but if ever he is, the little block of houses in Park Lane of which his own is one will have a



ONE OF THE MOST ENERGETIC OF LIBERAL HOSTESSES:
MRS. ALFRED MOND AND HER CHILDREN.

Mr. Cyril Maude has lent the Playhouse to Mrs. Alfred Mond for the 26th of this month, for a matinée in aid of the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square, Westminster. Mrs. Mond is not only one of the most energetic of hostesses, but a most successful organiser of charity entertainments.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

a place assigned to him in another part, that he is now keeping the room of two peeresses." Bunsen was a stout man—that was the sting of Brougham's remark; but its justice depended upon the girth of the excluded peeresses; and on this point, in the case of one of them, it might be less than gallant very closely to inquire.

The Baronet Sir John Kennaway, Bart., M.P., always a popular speaker at congresses, had the loudest cheer the other day at the Diocesan Conference at Exeter. Of course. It is not altogether what he says, or how he says it, that ensures his making

unique distinction; for in another once lived "Dizzy." People may wrangle about Mr. Wyndham's claims to the leadership of his party, under certain eventualities, but nobody doubts Lady Grosvenor's fitness for the post of Prime Minister's wife.

The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire goes into her new house in Grosvenor Square, and there are certain other notable movings-in here and there; but the number of houses to be let or sold in the Metropolis now reaches 75,000—the record number in a year that has been a record year all round.



ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MRS. GODFREY
BARING: MISS AZALEA BARING.

Little Miss Baring is the second of the three children of Mrs. Godfrey Baring, who is so well known to yachting society as the mistress of Nubia House, Cowes. Mrs. Baring's eldest child is a son. Her younger daughter, who is three years old, is named Victoria. Photograph by Rita Martin.



CHELSEA'S FUTURE OWNER:
VISCOUNT CHELSEA.

Lord Chelsea is the grandson of Lord Cadogan, owner of the greater part of Chelsea. He is one of the King's godsons, and also a godson of the Prince of Wales. He is heir to many millions. His father died some little time ago.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

THE SCULPTURE AS SCULPTOR: A CHANGE OF RÔLE.



1. LA MILO AT WORK ON A MODEL.

3. AN IDEAL EMERGING FROM THE MOULD.

2. LA MILO FINISHING A HEAD.

4. BREAKING THE MOULD.

La Milo, whose ride in the Coventry Pageant in the character, and a discreet version of the costume, of Lady Godiva made a stir equalled only by that caused by her poses, not only represents statuary on the stage, but is herself a skilled sculptor.—[Photographs by Pugin, Liverpool.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(By E. F. S. (Monotie))

"Le Grand Soir"—"DOLLY REFORMING HERSELF."

IT is the custom for French companies to be unpunctual, and one is prepared for late beginning and long waits, but hardly to see the curtain rise on the main play at five-and-twenty to ten instead of a quarter to nine. There is no doubt that annoyance at this affected the attitude of the first-night audience towards "Le Grand Soir." Unfortunately, too, the drama, which has had an enormous success in Paris, makes no great appeal to the average London playgoer by its subject or ideas, though he is vaguely sympathetic; nor to the critical by its treatment. It has two strong scenes; the rest is merely "fill-up." The ending of the play is the most dramatic that I can remember in the mass of plays about Russia that our stage has seen. Moreover, Mlle. Vera Sergine acted it finely, and gave the difficult "tag" with quite remarkable power. There were excellent performances by MM. Karl Roger, Durec, and Saulieu, and Mmes. Arnous Rivière and Théray.

"Dolly Reforming Herself" is agreeably different from the other plays of the season. No doubt it is not the only unsentimental play, for we have had "Lady Epping" and "Bellamy"; but they are professedly satires and extravaganzas, and are admittedly rather chaotic, whilst "Dolly" is a real comedy, and quite elaborately neat in structure. There are playgoers, it may be, who grumble because there is so little story in "Dolly": perhaps it is rather disappointing that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones should have employed his gallery of finely observed characters upon a theme or subject of comparatively little dramatic importance. Yet why grumble because "Dolly" is not something else, seeing that it is an agreeable, clever, amusing comedy of modern life, containing one scene of quite extraordinary merit?

With Dolly herself I am hardly in love: she is a "sweedling" little vixen, virtuous in her concept of the word, even half-prudish, but at heart quite unlovable. All the remarkable talent and disturbing charm of Miss Ethel Irving could not conceal the fact that Dolly is a cat. And those dresses: no doubt she was charmingly dressed—costumes by the eminent Messrs. — (see programme)—but I saw no signs of the appalling extravagance, or of the "three pairs of blue-silk garters, forty-five shillings." Some people say that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has made a "howler" about the garters. Everybody knows that women are divided nowadays socially into two classes: the one that wears garters and the one that holds up its stockings with—otherwise. Of course, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones knows this, and is aware that Dolly belongs to the non-garter class. I do not believe that the author has really made such a howling "howler"—"Honi soit, etc.," I say to myself, but I am horribly intrigued. I should like to know the esoteric meaning of those blue-silk garters—three pairs, blue silk, forty-five shillings! And did she wear the blue silk with hose of other hue? I hope not. What a vivid picture it was of Dolly and Harry discussing the awful bills—the £560 for one year's frocks bought at one house,

the hats that cost fifteen guineas, the "*en-tout-cas* studded cabochons of lapis-lazuli"! What a splendid quarrel it was, and what a painful picture of woman's methods and man's weakness. It would have been almost nicer if Dolly had not been respectable. Also, which of the younger dramatists could have constructed or written it as finely? It lasts three-quarters of an act, without a suspicion of monotony, and works up to a tremendous climax, giving to Miss Irving a legitimate opportunity of showing the gift for self-abandonment to wrath, in respect of which she is almost unique upon our stage.

There is a capital contrast-picture in Renie, the sentimentalist who loves playing with fire, but does not mean to get burnt, or, to change the figure, likes to be an attractive flame to men moths, but has no heat in her. Dolly, if naughtily in love, probably would have carried off the man willy-nilly and braved the world, and made everyone, including herself, thoroughly miserable. To Renie love was a frightfully thrilling, dangerous game, in which she never "went nap." Miss Margaret Halstan played the part quite admirably; it is, I think, the cleverest thing that this very talented young actress has done. Mr. Charles Maude was excellent in the character of the lover, a lover with no more passion in him than Renie, but quite willing to "go nap" for the fun of the thing—just a merry, naughty young officer, ready for any adventure and any risk. A rather weak spot is the Professor. Mr. Lyall Swete is one of our cleverest character-actors, and played the part amusingly, on orthodox stage lines. Still, one has had enough of the "old guy" man of science. Nowadays, in real life, Professor Sturgess, aged forty-five, would in all probability be a smart, well-set-up man, unlovable, perhaps, but not a bit of a guy. Dolly's husband is the least interesting of the group, is simply an ordinary young man, weak, with a bit of temper, and quite incapable of handling Dolly. Mr. Robert Loraine played the part capitally, and had his full share of the quarrelling scene, which made the house enthusiastic.

One cannot quite fall in love with Dolly's father, though he must have been agreeable as a friend. Probably he brought up Dolly as Nora's father brought up "the little squirrel"; and I suspect her mother, of whom we hear nothing, died young. It does not seem long since Mr. C. M. Lowne played *jeune premier* parts, and now he is one of our most valuable representatives of the middle-aged man of the world, with a light, easy touch, nice sense of character, and gift for holding the stage without apparent effort.

Altogether, in "Dolly Reforming Herself," we have an interesting group of real people superbly presented, not very much plot, but enough to keep the play going, a fine dialogue, with plenty of wit, and one of the cleverest, most amusing scenes given on our stage for a long time.



DR. HENRY JONATHAN FORBES SIMSON, WHO HAS MARRIED MISS LENA ASHWELL.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



MISS LENA ASHWELL, WHO WAS MARRIED THE OTHER DAY TO DR. HENRY J. F. SIMSON.

The wedding took place very quietly at Westminster, and Miss Lena Ashwell appeared in "The Sway-Boat" as usual. Dr. Simson is in practice in Grosvenor Street, and is a son of the late Mr. Robert Simson, of the Bengal Civil Service.

Photograph by Haines.

'SHUN — AND NO WONDER !



AWKWARD FOR THE TROOPERS: AN OFFICER OF TSAR FERDINAND'S CAVALRY TAKING A JUMP OVER AN OCCUPIED TRENCH.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Travelling Text-Bearer.

Which, if any, of the motoring associations sends out the travelling text-bearer? It may be the Automobile Association, which, swearing that its scouts are not out to warn scorchers of traps, does warn motorists, not to drive slowly, but that between such-and-such points police with the deadly chronometer are lurking. It may be the Motor Union, whose warning boards are beginning to appear in unnecessary places. Or it may be even the lords of the sport, the great R.A.C. itself. Again, it may be none of them, but simply the result of private enterprise. At any rate, there he is, on the Surrey roads, with a carefully stencilled "Get right with God" as a tail-piece

the next town, removed the corpse and lay down in its place. The resurrectionists, returning, carted him off all unsuspecting. Before they had gone far, however, one of them happened to touch the "dead" man's face, and yelled in alarm, "Good heavens! the body's warm!" To which the supposed corpse answered in appropriately sepulchral tones, "If you'd been where I've been for the last two days, you'd be warm too." Next moment he was left in full possession of the cart.

Let Him Rest.

The roll-call of the Tammany forces which paraded for the demoralisation of New York last week shows that this



POUPÉES OF TWO PERIODS: THE OUT-OF-DATE AND THE VERY UP-TO-DATE—DOLLS EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

to histricycle.

You overtake him on a shocking skiddy road, made of earthen porridge, and, just as you sight a frightful corner, you draw level with him, and read on his crossbar the startling warning—"Prepare to meet thy God!" The "trike" of him that crieth in this wilderness is not liked a little bit by the imaginative man at the wheel.

The Naturalist Detective.

As the detectives are failing while murder mysteries multiply, there is a renewed cry for bloodhounds. Presently, no doubt, we shall see the streets patrolled by canine police, each dog armed with truncheon, note-book, and stop-watch. But the owner of the dog may himself at times prove a successful tracker. Frank Buckland did. At a time when mysterious crimes were exercising the minds of the police, he did a bit of fancy detecting. While on the way to St. George's Hospital, where he was then house-surgeon, he noticed foot-prints in the mud along the side of paths leading through St. James's Park. The marks were those of a bare-footed man. The right foot had left excellent impressions, but the left foot had evidently been injured, for the mud showed that the man had been tiptoeing, and that in only the softest places. Buckland followed the tracks up to the hospital, and there found the poor fellow who had made them, sitting in the out-patients' ward, waiting to be treated for an injury to his left heel.

The Return of the Sleeper.

The Irish roughs who snatched a coffin and its contents at a Garrytown funeral the other day were bolder by daylight than were some of their compatriots by night. These latter had rifled a tomb in a quiet cemetery, and placed the corpse under a hedge while they crept away to bring up their cart. Some broth of a boy, who had been roystering in the locality, quietly watched the trick, and, thinking that he might as well ride instead of walk to

outrageous institution still numbers many Irishmen among its leaders. It was gentlemen of this stamp and race who brought to an inglorious issue our Arbitration Treaty negotiations with the States a few years ago. Of course, some of the finest men in America are of Irish extraction; but there are others. It must have been of these that an American who loves not negroes thought when he said: "If every nigger would shoot an Irishman, and every Irishman would shoot a nigger, we should soon begin to see our way in America." Enemies of the country would like the combat to take place in Ireland; but then they would have to summon as M.C. the shade of a man of whom, in a time of crisis, a governing Englishman of Jacobite sympathies thought when he wished to "bring Cromwell back from hell" to run the island. The answer of the Irishman to whom the remark was addressed was sympathetic: "Shure, d'ye think he'd come? Isn't he aiser where he is?"

Our Own Foreign Legion.

We have some very good citizens of German extraction in South Africa who must have read with mingled feelings the story of the Kaiser's war plan against the Boers. How they came to be in South Africa is one of the romances of Empire. They had been recruited, as the Foreign Legion, for service with our troops in the Crimea. When the war ended it was considered unwise to turn them loose in England, and there was the risk in Germany of drum-head court-martials. The only place for them was Cape Colony. But to get them and their families there £20,000 was needed, and not a farthing was forthcoming. Sir George Grey, prince of Imperialists, undertook to find it. He had never before borrowed; hence, perhaps, the ease with which he found a banker to advance the money without security. With the money the men and their families went out. They paid back more than every farthing: they overpaid to the extent of twenty-eight shillings, and there is that amount somewhere to their credit to this day.



[Photo. Illustrations Bureau.]
A FLOWER THAT LOOKS LIKE A STARFISH: A REMARKABLE PLANT IN THE CACTUS-HOUSE AT ALEXANDRA PARK, MANCHESTER. The plant was introduced into this country in 1868, from Zululand. It is twenty years since it last bloomed. The flower is 15½ inches across.

ŒUF À LA COCK!



THE BREAKFASTER: Waiter, there's a chicken in this egg!
THE WAITER: Right, Sir. I'll fetch a knife and fork, Sir.

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



FEW people would envy Miss Marguerite Leslie (who is playing in "Bellamy the Magnificent" at the New Theatre) an experience she had in Russia, where she was travelling just at the time of the "Red Sunday" massacres. About a month after that eventful day, when things were still "rather jumpy," she was suddenly awakened one night by a loud explosion which threw her nearly out of bed and shattered the windows of the room in the hotel in which she was staying. Naturally, she was alarmed, for she thought "Red Sunday" had come again. The next moment a maid appeared and nonchalantly said that it was "only a bomb," adding that a man had been killed next door as he was making an infernal machine.

Miss Leslie jumped out of bed, and the maid calmly explained that not only had the man been blown up, but the explosion had wrecked part of the hotel, and the police were there. "And, Madame," she continued, "the police officer says he is very sorry; but he must see you as soon as you can receive him." Miss Leslie dressed hurriedly, and in a few minutes the officer arrived and explained that "an Englishman making bombs in the next house had been hoist with his own petard," and that they wanted all the people who had been seen in his company; in fact, that she was wanted, as it was alleged that she had been seen speaking to him in the hall of the hotel. Just as Miss Leslie was explaining that she had spoken to no one in the hall, another officer entered and expressed regret that a mistake had been made, for they had found that it was not to her that the unfortunate man had been speaking, but to the occupant of a neighbouring room. As the two men were withdrawing, Miss Leslie asked what made them think that the victim was an Englishman. "Well, Madame," said one, "he always retired to bed at eleven, for one thing; and he never wore an overcoat, for another. Only an Englishman would do that in Russia, you know." And they bowed themselves out, and left her to her reflections.

"Mr. Akerman May in Jail" would be a startling announcement for the audiences who admire the actor's performance in "The King of Cadonia," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and it would probably serve as the occasion for many diatribes against the stage by the people who are still prejudiced on the subject. Although the statement would be true, it would not have any relation to the stage, for it happened before Mr. Akerman May became an actor. He was staying in Wiesbaden, awaiting the arrival of his mother and "an Early Victorian aunt," who was travelling with her. Going from one part of the city to another, he attempted to board a steam-tram while it was in motion. As he jumped on, he felt someone clutch him round the waist, as if to pull him off. Without a second's thought and without turning round to see who it was, he hit behind him, and the next moment heard his assailant

fall in the road. The tram still going, the actor turned to look, and saw a policeman lying flat on his back, sprawling between the lines. There was, of course, a commotion in the car, which presently stopped, and the policeman, rather the worse for his fall, appeared. He talked volubly; so did the conductor; so did all the other passengers; and they all talked at the same time. As at that time Mr. May knew little German, he was not much the wiser as to what they were saying, though he felt very guilty. Eventually, however, when the policeman said "hotel," he had to understand that his name and address were required; and he gave his card. The next day he was summoned for assault, and, his case having been tried, he found

himself behind the closed door of a cell in the jail. Luckily, a few hours later, his mother arrived, and, making inquiries about him, learned where he was. She went to the jail and found that he had been fined five marks, or twenty-four hours' imprisonment. Naturally, she paid the fine, and Mr. May was restored to liberty. He still possesses the document which committed him to prison, and, on reading it subsequently, he learnt that he was either to be fined five marks or that something worth that sum was to be taken from him. As he refused to allow his pockets to be searched, the authorities had no alternative but to put him in jail.

It is not often that an audience sees in one part of a play a character taken by one actor, and in the latter scenes the same part played by another, except in cases of sudden illness, or the still rarer occasions when, as was done at the Britannia and other outlying houses, several popular favourites each appeared in an act of some piece, like "Hamlet" or "Richard III.," for a benefit. Miss Lucy Sibley, however, who acts Mrs. Bissett, in "The Marriages of Mayfair," at Drury Lane, once had the curious experience of playing Lady Isabel in "East

Lyne" with two little "Willies" in the same evening. During the first two acts the part was played by the small boy who was regularly engaged for it. After the curtain fell on the second act, however, he evidently either tired of a stage career in general or of the part in particular, for without saying anything to anyone, he slipped through the stage door and ran away. It was an awkward situation, for "East Lyne" without the death of little Willie is a problem as unthinkable as that of "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. In the emergency, the actress who had appeared earlier as Wilson volunteered to play the part. In order to keep the situation as dark as possible, the lights were lowered, and the company "played for all they were worth." The great scene in the play never went better than it did on that occasion, and the audience was quite unconscious that the little Willie whose death was making them weep bitter tears of artistic joy and sympathetic woe was not the small youth who had been charming them earlier in the piece, but a grown-up young woman talking in a false voice.



FAIR SISTERS THREE: THE SISTERS ATHLETA, WHO ARE APPEARING AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by Stanley

WHY NOT VARY THE MONOTONY OF SHOW DOGS?



VERNON-STOKES &
ALAN WRIGHT.

II.—THE COLANIELASSET.

(SMOOTH COLLIE, IRISH WATER-SPANIEL, AND BASSET-HOUND.)

DRAWN BY VERNON STOKES AND ALAN WRIGHT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

DO you think that earlier generations had better manners than our own? The question can be hung on a hundred literary pegs, for it generally occurs to one when one reads in old memoirs and letters. Lady Holland's journal, for example, which has recently been published by Messrs. Longmans, raises it, directly in some places, and indirectly by reminding one of many old stories of her and her society. I think the answer is "No," and I think I understand why the opposite is usually accepted.

On the whole, I believe that we have improved on our own ancestors, at least, in this matter. Manners were harder and rougher, I believe, in general society. Take that of the great Lady Holland, whose house—that charming old Holland House you can see through the gates if you walk up Holland Lane from Kensington High Street—was the centre of the Whig party in the early days of the nineteenth century, and generally entertained the wit and talents of London. She herself is not evidence, because she was known to her contemporaries as unusually ill-mannered—in the way of imperiousness and ordering people about—and so does not represent the average. But what about the other people? What about Lord Melbourne, and his "I'm damned if I'll dine with you at all!" when she moved him from place to place at dinner? You can't imagine anyone being so rude now. It was a funny incident, and she may have deserved it; but that is not the point. Then the great Dr. Parr and his triumph over Mackintosh. The latter had denounced an Irishman, and Dr. Parr said: "He was a bad man, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer"—and so forth, rubbing it into the unfortunate Mackintosh. Socially speaking, I rejoice that I am never likely to meet a Dr. Parr.

Apart from such violent instances, one gathers from accounts of brilliant conversationalists in old days that there was a dreadfully competitive spirit among them. They were always trying to score off one another, to shine at one another's expense. Of course there are people like that now, but it is quite easy to avoid them: it is quite easy to "move" among people who simply desire to pass the

time of social intercourse pleasantly, and let their reputations for brilliancy take care of themselves. I am inclined to doubt the wonderful talk of past coteries in the sense of memorable remarks, because, after all, not very many have survived, and some of the traditionally brilliant ones don't amount to much. My experience is that the advantage in society of admittedly brilliant and gifted people is not so much that they say definitely brilliant things as that they keep up a better level of intelligence and humour, when they don't talk just as dully as you and I,



GOETHE'S "FAUST" ILLUSTRATED BY A HUNGARIAN ARTIST: "FAUST AND THE MAGIC MIRROR."

One of the thirty Coloured Plates to Goethe's "Faust," by M. Willy Fogany; reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

and that is quite consistent with kind manners. But if it is true that these coteries said wonderfully witty things, they were dearly purchased by the discomfort of having to "hold your own," and being on the look-out for crushing epigrams at your expense.

Whenever you really study social history, you find there is a good deal of myth about fine manners. The general idea of Charles I. is that of a model of grave, refined courtesy. But he could be horribly rude. There is a story this same Lady Holland quotes about him: how, when someone he disliked presented something to him kneeling, he, being on horseback, made his horse kick the other man. Just the least bit rough, was it not? Charles the Second's manners were really good, because he was a naturally good-natured and considerate man; but the manners of his Court—good fun as that Court must have been—would seem shockingly rude to us, I am quite sure.

No. The manners of old days were not better than ours, but the manners of old people are better than those of young people. That is all, and that explains the whole thing. Old people depreciate the

manners of the present day just as they depreciate nearly everything of the present day. That is natural; we shall all do it if we live long enough, and I notice with alarm that I am inclined to do it already. Very well, you (a young person) hearing an old person do this, and observing that his manners are, as a fact, better than those of your contemporaries, believe him. But you don't know what his manners were like when he was young. Very possibly that charming old gentleman, with his white hair and kindly smile and gentle tolerance, when he was young and full of energy and self-importance, was just as aggressive and inconsiderate and generally unpleasing as the next young actor or Stock Exchange young man you come across. We don't know, but it is extremely probable. As vitality declines, the temper mellows, and experience teaches us that it does no good to be cross or sulky when we don't agree with other people's opinions or approve of their customs. Then we are no longer preoccupied with "getting on" or unhappy love-affairs or financial troubles, and are freer to think of other people's feelings. There are a dozen reasons why manners should improve with age, and so it goes on from generation to generation. And each generation of the old believes fondly that it was just as nice when it was young. But I don't believe it was.

I said the other week that I might find Mr. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy" unsuitable for criticism in a lounging attitude. And so I found it. The subject is not one for casual discussion, but it is a pleasure to say that Mr. Chesterton's abundance and nimbleness of thought were never more astonishing. Ideas simply tumble over one another on every page.

For a similar reason, I do not care to write about here such poetry as the late Francis Thompson's. He was an authentic poet, and chose for his poetry the most sacred themes. But I may say that his "Selected Poems" (Burns and Oates), with an introduction unsigned, but surely written by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, should be possessed by all who do not already know—and by all who do know, but especially the former—one of the two or three truest and most individual poets of our times.

N. O. I.



GOETHE'S "FAUST" ILLUSTRATED BY A HUNGARIAN ARTIST: "FAUST AND MEPHISTOPHELES ON THE COMMON."

One of the thirty Coloured Plates to Goethe's "Faust," by M. Willy Fogany; reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

THE RULING PASSION.



THE MAN ON THE MAST: "FORE!"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.

BRIBERY — AND CORRUPTION.



JAMES: I get a penny every time I take my cod-liver oil.

THOMAS: What do you do with them?

JAMES: Mother puts 'em in a money-box till there's enough, and then buys another bottle of cod-liver oil.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

MR. GORGONZOLA IS GROSSLY DECEIVED.

By NINA BALMAINE.

191, Hill Street, Mayfair.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I believe you were hunting in Leicestershire two seasons ago. Am I right in thinking that you were a member of Lady Reynard's house-party at Melton Mowbray, when I played Prudence Pippin in "The Orchard of Eden" at some private theatricals?

I want to go on the real stage now. I suffer so horribly from ennui, you know, and begin to feel that I must come out of my shell, as it were. Nothing will help me more effectively than acting. I throw myself into my rôle with such passionate intensity that I forget everything and everybody.

Can you introduce me to a nice manager of a first-class theatre?

I am so determined to give my poor talents a fair chance that I will take a theatre of my own rather than be thwarted.—Yours sincerely,

VIVIENNE MALINOR.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Can you help a handsome woman who thinks she can act, because she pleased a crowd of hunting men at a drawing-room performance in the shires? You know their ideas of art after a good dinner and several liqueurs!

The lady is Mrs. Vivienne Malinor. She has money to burn, and only wants matches. There is a husband somewhere. They do say that she would not care how she got rid of him, if it did not involve her in social ruin. Such women are kittle cattle and I mention the facts for your private information.

Young Lord Brimstone follows her like a pet poodle from house to house.—Always yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, London.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I have seen Mrs. Malinor, and she has taken the Minerva Theatre, in Shaftesbury Avenue. I am going to supervise things generally, as she is just the sort of confiding woman who would be fleeced by the unscrupulous members of my profession.

I thought, being a friend of yours, she might want to go in for musical comedy; but her head is level, and the legitimate drama is her destiny. It is a real pleasure to assist so charming a lady.

I say "handsome" is no name for her style of beauty.—Yours for ever,

DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—If I were you, sonnie, I'd go in for a course of philosophy and Dublin stout mixed, just to steady your nerves. Try Spinoza; his notions of ante-nuptial harmony would dovetail with your own.

I don't see why you should hint that my womankind specially favour charivari and flying lingerie.

Mrs. Malinor is charming, of course, but, in my opinion, callously 'cute, and, personally, I'd sooner be on intimate terms with a docile scorpion. Be careful, for unless I am mistaken, she is possessed of all the devils she has got room for.

You are a susceptible old ruffian, and I look to you to provide me with some fun before long.—*Tout à vous*, JACK FORTESCUE.

P.S.—I am really concerned about you. Remember that all that glitters in a woman is not goodness.

J. F.

191, Hill Street, Mayfair.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—How kind of you to introduce me to Mr. Gorgonzola. He is a delightful man, full of common-sense, and so anxious to be of use to me.

Just like a woman, I forgot the most important thing—the play. I want one written round myself—a pensive play, founded on the sadness of the Might Have Been, you know.

The following lines explain my meaning beautifully—

White brides of our lost youth,
Young virgins yet in bloom,
Left loves whom Sorrow's tooth
Hath fretted to the tomb.

What an exquisite theme for a dramatist! Have you a friend who could do it?

I hope it is not true that you are a woman-hater.—Yours sincerely,

VIVIENNE MALINOR.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR MRS. MALINOR,—Everyone likes Gorgonzola; he is sincere, and has a mediæval sense of chivalry.

I fear I don't appreciate poetry. The only interest I take in "the white brides of our lost youth" is a feeling of supreme thankfulness that they escaped me.

Most certainly I am not a woman-hater: *au contraire*, I enjoy the society of ladies because it interests and stimulates me without officiously improving my morals. What more can a sensible person want?

I know a man who writes dramas that beat Ossian and Maeterlinck for Might-have-been-ness. I will ask him to submit a scenario.—Sincerely yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

191 Hill Street, Mayfair.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—Your dramatist friend makes me too much of a *Star*, and I don't want the critics to taunt me with *Actor Manager vanity*!

My frocks are visions of delight and will help me to give full scope to my emotional powers. Don't you think a peasant girl with some poignant domestic trouble—consumption, for instance, or gout—would be a good foil; or a really wicked woman, so long as she does not dress better than myself? Of course, the sympathies of the audience *must* be with me all through the piece; I am entitled to that in my own theatre.

Can you make a suggestion? Do try. I am awfully in earnest, you know, and you are so clever!—Yours sincerely,

VIVIENNE MALINOR.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR MRS. MALINOR,—I suggest a few drawing-room acts and a Patrick Campbell plus Olga Nethersole love-scène on a moonlit terrace, with a Lewis Waller plus Matheson Lang sort of lover.

You are an orphan heiress with a large estate. Bring in a London season enlivened with proposals. Then change to a cottage where one of your labourers is seated at his humble table enjoying stewed rabbit, a sheaf of beetroot, and a pitcher of beer. His daughter is stage-struck through reciting "The May Queen" at a school treat.

You point out the snares that infest the day of an actress, and send the girl to a boarding-school. She bolts with the French master and comes to grief—and other things—*viâ* desertion.

You take her up again, and she saves you from marrying a Socialist, masquerading as a lyric poet, by eloping with him herself.

Contrary to the expectations of the pit and upper-boxes, you refuse to marry; sell off your hunters; seek spital sanctuary in a cathedral town; and join a croquet tournament.

I will not be positive that this is an inspiration of heaven, and for *that* reason I offer it with profound humility.—Yours sincerely,

JACK FORTESCUE.

Sulfur Castle, Furness, N.B.

DEAREST VIVIENNE,—I cannot stand this much longer. You must get free by hook or by crook.

I know how the thing could be worked, if you don't mind sacrificing that Manager who is so spoony on you.

We cannot marry for a year after the usual proceedings, and must keep clear of each other in the interval. You will be saved from annoyance, however, and will, of course, be received with open arms when you are my wife. There will be no scandal so far as we two are concerned, and a bit more or less doesn't really hurt theatre men. I don't believe in running my head against the unwritten law, and intend to keep on the sunny side of Society. All things eventually come to them that are circumspect.

I will give you details of my scheme to-night. You may think it rough on your Manager friend, but he will forgive you all right later on.—Yours devotedly,

BRIMSTONE.

The *Choufleur*, Birchington, Kent.

DEAR MR. GORGONZOLA,—Can you possibly manage a week-end on my yacht, the *Choufleur*? She is quite a tiny vessel—nothing

palatial. I shall ask two or three congenial friends to meet you. The change will do you a world of good.

If you are afraid to trust yourself all night on such a frail craft, I will engage a room for you at an hotel; but you will have to walk or cycle to and fro, as there are no taxicabs on the Kentish cliffs!—
Very sincerely yours,
VIVIENNE MALINOR.

The Flamingo Theatre, London.

DEAR MRS. MALINOR,—You could not have suggested anything I should enjoy more than a couple of days on a yacht. Your friends are sure to be delightful. I must confess that I do want a change of scene, and I am not insensible to the beauties of nature.

I understand Fortescue is not to be a guest. He has just looked in and worked off a few jokes about Ulysses and the sirens. You know his style!

Do not hesitate to make use of me or my name in any manner you choose.—Sincerely yours,
DICK GORGONZOLA.

TELEGRAMS.

To Fortescue, The Albany, Piccadilly.

Come down at once: a case of Vital Importance.

GORGONZOLA, BIRCHINGTON.

To Gorgonzola, Birchington.

Got Vital Importance myself.

FORTESCUE.

To Fortescue, The Albany, Piccadilly.

You don't understand. My character is at stake.

GORGONZOLA.

To Gorgonzola, Birchington.

Quite believe it. Always thought you would be carbonised.
Peace to your ashes.

FORTESCUE.

The Whaler's Hostel, Birchington-on-Sea.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—Stop fooling: I am in the devil's own mess. Will you see me through? Please don't believe anything you hear until I have had a chance to explain.

Come down at once. I am distracted.

Your introductions are peculiarly unfortunate. Of course, it is not your fault, but really I must bar them in future, old chap.

Wire me, and I will meet you at the station.—Yours always,

DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—I opened your letter with prayer.

Yes, I'll see you through anything, bar the eye of a needle—my money is on the camel.

You certainly have an exasperating *penchant* for losing your faculties in the atmosphere of beauty. Don't understand it myself, and thought you were too demure a man to go about kicking up romantic ructions at your time of life.

I cannot possibly come down just now.

Why not confess the whole caboodle? I'll be easy with you.

You must have been as sly as the devil, and as busy, to get yourself into a mess in such a short time.—
Always yours,
JACK FORTESCUE.

The Whaler's Hostel, Birchington-on-Sea.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I am madder than all Bashan. If you were here I'd give you a brace of black eyes. Keep your infernal flippancy to yourself.

Here is the absolute truth. Mrs. Malinor invited me for the week-end. The other guests did not turn up, and we never saw a soul except a camera fiend on the cliff. All the crew went to a

football match, got drunk, and did not come aboard till next day. Thus we were absolutely alone all Saturday night.

I wanted to swim ashore, but she thought I'd be drowned, and clung to my neck. The photographer snapped us in that compromising attitude. I remained on deck all the time, and did my utmost to save the situation. Lord Brimstone motored down late that night, and came aboard next morning. He said he halloed till he was hoarse, on Saturday evening, but could not make us hear. I am so upset that I don't know which end of me goes first.

The photographer was in the employ of Malinor, who hates his beautiful wife. Lord Brimstone says I am in danger of being cited as a co-respondent. He is very civil and sympathetic, but his evidence would not do me any good.

Can you imagine a sweeter pickle for a man to be in? On top of this I start rehearsing a cathedral full of girls for a new musical comedy next week!

Now I have told you the whole caboodle, as you call it, and, by heaven, I'll thrash you if you chaff me!—Yours sincerely,
DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—You are really very trying. One day you're bursting with bliss, and the next you're sparring and spitting like a wild cat with neuralgia. I shall have to be serious with you. Let us examine the facts, old chap.

I am a high-principled person; I introduce you to my most cherished friends; you compromise one of them, a lady; and then you calmly propose to enlighten me by blacking my eyes. Rather paradoxical and positively impertinent! I am a Quaker for peace when it comes to fighting.

Lest my emotion overcomes me I shall toddle off to the country to-morrow. I'll send a bunch of white azaleas for your button-hole in the witness-box: nothing deceives a British jury like an assumption of purity.

The first I heard of your marine frolic was that Mrs. Malinor and yourself had been photographed while trying to get both your heads through one life-belt. Doosed silly, dear boy, doosed silly! Telescopes have eyes, and cameras are most cynical impressionists.

As you cannot swim more than three lengths of yourself, I can imagine the amount of cajoling she had to do to keep you from prancing into the sea in the middle of the night. I shall call you Casabianca after this.—More in sorrow than in anger, I remain your faithful friend,
JACK FORTESCUE.

The Choufleur, Birchington Bay.

MY DEAR BERTIE,—A solicitor-person has been here and left some papers in which my name is mentioned, and Mr. Gorgonzola's. I cannot make head or tail of them. Why do lawyers always express themselves in dull and insolent English? Of course, I shall do nothing. I am awfully sorry for him, as he is not one of those actors who delight in being thought wicked. I shall leave you to deal with him as you think best. I do hope the action won't drag on for ages.—Very sincerely yours,
VIVIENNE MALINOR.

To the Earl of Brimstone, Sulfuir Castle, N.B.

1119, Chancery Lane, W.C.

MALINOR V.

MALINOR AND

GORGONZOLA.

DEAR SIR,—We have been instructed by Mr. Eustace Malinor to commence an action for divorce against his wife, Mrs. Vivienne Malinor. Upon the evidence submitted to us, we are citing you as co-respondent, and shall be obliged if you will favour us with an appointment for our clerk to serve you with the necessary papers.—Yours faithfully,

SWINELEM AND

SWINELEM

(Solicitors for

the Petitioner).

To RICHARD

GORGONZOLA,

Esq., Flamingo

Theatre, W.

THE END.



A CASE OF NINE LIVES.

HOSTESS (with asperity): And pray what makes you think this is cat-fish, Mr. Jones?

BOARDER: Well, we've eaten the confounded thing eight times already, and we don't seem to have finished with it yet.

[DRAWN BY HOPE READ.]

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE AMERICAN INVASION—DANNY MAHER—WATCHING RACES.

RACING in England will hum next year, as the big American owners intend to try and capture some of our valuable prizes. It is on the cards that we shall see several more American jockeys riding in England, but it is to be hoped that the "crooks" who infested this country a few years ago will not be allowed to set foot on these shores. All good sportsmen will readily welcome owners of the standing of Messrs. Belmont, Madden, Keene, and Whitney; but we can well afford to dispense with the services of the toughs who a few years back shot our bookmakers right and left, drawing when they won and bolting when they lost. Some of our breeders object to American yearlings being sold in this country; but I think even this will level itself in the end, as a change of breeding may do no end of good to our studs. Further, we want the best horses to be obtained, wherever they come from, and I have never heard any objection to imported American and Australian horses winning races in England. Again, we must face the bed-rock fact that the American millionaires who are about to patronise the English Turf will, as a matter of certainty, scatter a few hundred thousands in our midst, and will indirectly help to pay for our national pastime. England is really and truly the land of the free so far as racing is concerned, and the only stipulation we want to impose is that foreigners, when they come here, must trade under our rules and no others. We do not want the dopers or the "crooks," but we shall always welcome the real sportsmen from any quarter of the globe.

The Irish-American jockey, D. Maher, will, all going well, retire into winter quarters as the leading jockey in England in 1908, and he thoroughly deserves the position, as is proved by his very fine average. True, the race might have been a close one had not F. Wootton stood down for a long time; but, in any case, I think Maher would have come first. Seeing that the leading jockey cannot go to scale at less than 8 st. 4 lb., he has done remarkably well, and it should not be forgotten by those people who are so fond of criticising Maher when he finishes second instead of first in big handicaps that the horses he is riding are weighted a pound or two above their class. Maher's style of riding appeals to the crowd. He is a perfect artist in a close finish, never losing his head. He is a very fair rider—I mean he does not attempt to take an undue advantage of a little boy, neither does he believe in foul riding. On the other hand, Maher can always be

relied on not to throw away an opportunity of winning a race by fair means, and his lightning rushes are sometimes a sight to see. He is, I believe, fond of enjoying himself, and when occupying his West-End flat, he frequently visits the theatres. But when he is hunting in the Midlands with his friend George Williamson, he often goes to bed before ten o'clock at night, and is up with the lark in the morning. According to present arrangements, Maher will next year again ride for the Hon. George Lambton's stable, and, when at liberty, will steer the animals trained at Weyhill by Frank Hartigan. Maher hopes to be able to have the mount on Bayardo in the Derby, and he thinks he will win on Mr. Fairie's colt.

In the autumn we are apt to get foggy weather, and many races cannot be seen until the horses have reached the straight. True, the tic-tac men at the top of the stands see more than most people in the rings, and they do not hesitate to keep the bookmakers well supplied with what they do see. The reporters have to rely for their descriptions of the race more or less on what the jockeys engaged tell them; and as often as not the knights of the pigskin are wrong in important particulars.

Thus it happens that occasionally form seems to be badly upset, when if the true facts were only known it would be seen that things had worked precisely as they should have done. In the case of foggy weather I think the Press should be represented at several points down the course. A race was run in the fog a few days back, and a warm favourite was badly left. He made up his ground at a tremendous pace at the finish, and was only just beaten on the post. Not a word was mentioned in the next morning's papers about his not getting away well; yet had this animal started on equal terms with the rest of the field, he must have won by many

a length. I have contended for years that the starter ought to be compelled to detail the start officially for the benefit of handicappers, owners, and backers alike. Some of the professional punters place themselves down the course when races are being run, to gain information for future events, and this is especially the case at Ascot and at Goodwood. The very fact of these men acting

thus shows that it pays for the doing, even when the light is good. Then how much more necessary is it to get the information when a thick fog envelops the course.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page



A BABY CADDY OF OTHER CLIMES: A TYPICAL CADDY OF BUENOS AYRES.

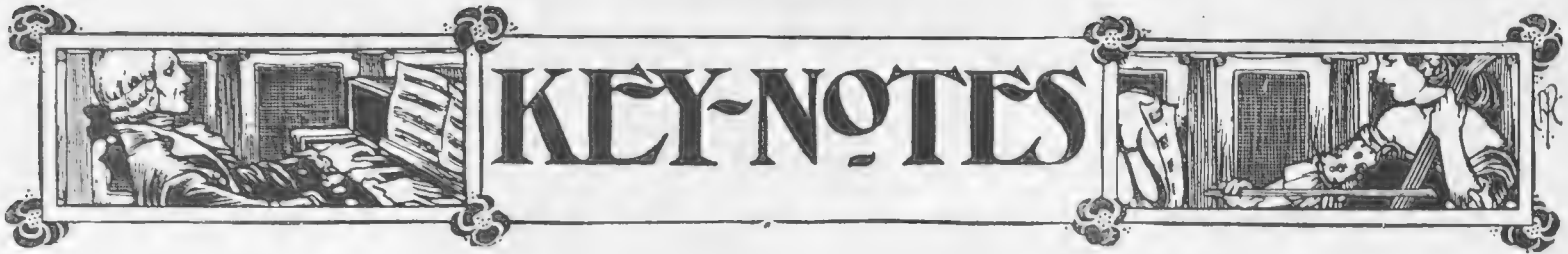
Photograph by Soley.



A PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSION: DRIVING FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY POSITION.

In the photograph are Miss Curtis, last year's champion of the United States, and Miss Kate C. Harley, this year's champion. It will be noted that Miss Harley appears to be driving while standing on the wooden rail; as a fact, she is on the bank beyond the rail.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau



Mlle. JOLANDA MÉRÖ is one of the young pianists whose future should be assured. She came to London with the flourish of Continental trumpets that is apt to rouse the suspicions of the cognoscenti, who believe that good wine needs no bush. By the time Mlle. MÉRÖ was halfway through her recital, it was clear that the preliminary announcements were justified, for the player has the instincts of an artist, a very large measure of technical

knowledge, and a sense of proportion that is all too rare among her contemporaries. She contrived to reveal in a new aspect the beauties of work that can no longer survive the conventional readings; her interpretations were at once well reasoned, fresh, and vivid, and she succeeded throughout the afternoon in remembering that the instrument of her choice was a piano. She sought and obtained from it all the effects that may be compassed legitimately, and did not descend to making a great deal of noise very cleverly, after the manner of some pianists whom it is preferable to leave unnamed, since nothing less than compulsion would send the writer to one of their public recitals.

Mr. Schultz-Curtius announces another Bayreuth

but we cannot, or should not, hear "Parsifal," for Wagner said it was not to be performed outside Bayreuth—a strange order, and one that the United States of America have not hesitated to disregard.

It is now decided that the season of opera in English at Covent Garden will open on Saturday, Jan. 16, and will close about Feb. 12. In addition to three complete "Ring" cycles and three performances of "Die Meistersinger," we are to hear Dr. Naylor's prize opera, "The Angelus," Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," and Gounod's "Faust." The wealth of British musical talent available for opera is proved by the fact that there are very few foreign artists on the list. Peter Cornelius will be Siegfried, and Hans Bechstein will probably appear as Mime in the "Ring" and as David in "Die Meistersinger." In this last-named opera Mr. Helge Nissin, a newcomer, will take the difficult part of Hans Sachs. All the other singers have English names. Dr. Richter will, of course, conduct the Wagner operas, which will be given without mutilation.

Miss Violet Defries, who gave a vocal recital at Broadwood's last week, is a conscientious artist, with a voice of pleasing quality. Her programme was not too happily chosen, for it contained much operatic music that did not fall within the range of the singer's powers, and Miss Defries was not heard at her best until she turned to the simpler music that suits her voice, style, and capacity. She has a clear understanding of her work, and showed a proper feeling for phrasing; while her reception by the large audience could not have been more friendly or encouraging.

M. Ysaÿe's second recital was no less interesting than its predecessor, and if he does not give another before leaving London it will not be on account of any uncertainty about the result of a third appeal. The Belgian master's intimacy with old-time music is remarkable: his is the gift of preserving the beauties of the work, while making it appear quite modern, and the Sonata by Geminiani with which the recital opened was at once a revelation and a delight to lovers of eighteenth-century work. For the Vieuxtemps Concerto in D minor, M. Ysaÿe was accompanied by organ, harp, and piano, and the result was very satisfying. It is late in the day to praise M. Ysaÿe's gifts. Suffice it that they were all in evidence at the Queen's Hall last week, and left his audience with the overwhelming conviction that in his own branch of art he stands alone.

COMMON CHORD.



CONDUCTOR OF THE POTTERIES CHOIR WHICH IS TO SING AT WINDSOR CASTLE: MR. JOHN JAMES.

The Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society is to sing before the King and Queen and the King and Queen of Sweden on Monday. Many of the choir are connected with the pottery industry, and the conductor, Mr. James, once worked in a coal-mine. The choir—which, by the way, won the chief prize at the recent Eisteddfod—will be heard at the Queen's Hall on Saturday next, when it makes its first appearance in London, and is associated with the Queen's Hall Orchestra.—[Photograph by J. Gover.]

Festival for the summer of 1909, the management having decided to hold another so soon because there were more applicants than seats when the last Festival was held. "Parsifal" will be given seven times, and "Lohengrin" five, and there will be two complete cycles of "Der Ring des Nibelungen." The first performance is to be given on Thursday, July 22, and the last on Aug. 20, and the usual arrangements will be made for the comfort of visitors. A curious feature of the notice just published is associated with the application for tickets. Intending subscribers are required to undertake that they will not buy tickets and sell them again at a profit. There has been some brisk speculation in Bayreuth Festival tickets in times past, and this speculation is to be deprecated; but it is hard to see how it can be stopped. Moreover, when tickets are taken four months before a performance, a certain number of subscribers must find themselves unable to fulfil their arrangements, for, as Mr. Swinburne has remarked, "Man is one and the Fates are three." If, at the last moment, a subscriber cannot reach Bayreuth, and the demand for seats exceeds the supply, it must be very difficult to keep him from deriving the benefit of the market conditions, since he runs the risk of finding no demand at all. Happily for the Bayreuth authorities, they have a perennial attraction in "Parsifal." We can hear the rest of Wagner's operas given as well elsewhere,



ONE OF THE BEST LADY PIANISTS IN EUROPE: MISS KATHARINE RUTH HEYMAN.

Miss Heyman, who is ranked by many among the best lady pianists in Europe, made her first appearance in London society this season at a recent At Home. She has hurt the forefinger of her right hand, but it is thought that this will not interfere with her public appearances in London. The first of these should be at a concert she is to give at the Aeolian Hall on the 20th. A little later she is to give a series of recitals at the Steinway Hall.—[Photograph by Francesco Scattola.]



A FAMOUS SINGER WHO IS TO APPEAR ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: MME. ALBANI.

Mme. Albani is to begin a two-weeks' engagement at the Pavilion Theatre of Varieties, Glasgow, early in December, and will receive, of course, an exceptionally high salary. She is likely to accept other music-hall engagements.—[Photograph by Halfones.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Reforming Dollies.

The moral of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's amusing comedy at the Haymarket Theatre would seem to be that the Dollies of this generation are more successful in reforming other people than themselves. In the very last act, when everyone else is giving up

some cherished and venial vice, Mrs. Harry Telfer contrives once more to "sweedle" her choleric husband into paying for a new ermine coat and cap—and we all know what ermine garments cost in a world where extravagant women are many and snow-white Arctic animals are few. It might be urged, as a matter of psychology, that a young woman so devoted to dress and the conquest of the male would be more lenient towards the romantic love-affair of her sentimental friend; but there is certainly none of the vaunted "solidarity of women" between these two old school-fellows. Dolly, in



A SMART AFTERNOON FROCK
OF SEPIA SATIN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

short, is willing—even eager—to part two young lovers, but she will not abate one item of the expenditure which makes of her so alluring a little personage, even though it rouses in her husband such transports of rage. The quarrel scene, indeed, ought to draw the town, for just so (I am informed by the married) do bad-tempered husbands conduct themselves when confronted with their doll-wives' milliners' bills.

A Town with a False Reputation.

Most of us have been led to suppose, from our most youthful years, that Buda-Pesth is at once the gayest, the most *folâtre*, and the naughtiest city in Europe. But this reputation, it seems, is quite unjustified. The capital of the Magyars is no more wicked, and very little more "gay" than any other collection of streets and squares. A returning traveller, who has exhaustively tested the town, assures me that Buda-Pesth is no more audacious than Brixton. Three days and three nights did this traveller wander, like Haroun-al-Raschid, in quest of adventures, but found nothing that was not a commonplace of Paris, Berlin, and London. But one attribute the inhabitants of Buda-Pesth possess, and that is an engaging naïveté. I have lately received an announcement of a forthcoming lottery from a bank in Kossuth Lajos Street, in which the evils of poverty are touchingly set forth. One is urged, by many arguments, to allow to hazard a chance of becoming rich. This desirable consummation, it appears, is often reached by means of the lottery in Hungary. "Many families," says the prospectus, "have thereby been freed from a precarious position, and have suddenly gained wealth and respect." "Respect" is delicious, and is going cheap, it seems, in Buda-Pesth; for every second ticket, we are handsomely assured, carries a prize. Dear, ingenuous city on the Danube! let us all instantly take tickets in your lottery, and hasten, by the Orient Express, to your gaily lit streets, for in this

London of ours respect is not to be had without a life-time of well-doing or at least half-a-million pounds sterling.

If the Kaiser were Kaiserin.

The imagination reels at the thought of what unkind people would say of Kaiser Wilhelm if he happened to be Kaiserin Wilhelmina. The heavens would ring with stories of the variable moods incidental to the feminine temperament. It is unthinkable, it would be urged, that the peace of Europe—and incidentally of the world—should be imperilled by the caprices of a woman, or that potentates should be allowed to give other nations what is vulgarly known as "a bit of their mind." Yet, on reflection, it will be remembered that if the Kaiser were Kaiserin it is more than probable that the whole affair would never have happened. Great female monarchs—Elizabeth, Catherine, Victoria—have shown themselves circumspect and adroit. Never did any of them let the cat out of the political bag at moments when it was highly inconvenient for that domestic animal to appear. England, at any rate, did wonderfully under her Queens: better, perhaps, at home and abroad, than under her varied assortment of Kings. The spacious times of Elizabeth, the Augustan age of Anne, the wonderful reign of Victoria, have all contributed largely to our triumphant island story.

The London Mr. Pett Accent.

Mr. Pett Ridge has recently asserted that the number of well-meaning people who have the Cockney accent, and do not know it, is quite incalculable. And it is true that this distressing pronunciation of the King's English flourishes all over the town. Yet only in certain localities. It may be heard in pompous Prince's Gate—though never at cultured Hampstead; and one may encounter it in opulent Park Lane, but seldom in genteel Kensington. Though horrible to sensitive ears, it does not offend those who are habituated to its sound. Moreover, you never hear our American kinsmen abusing the Cockney voice. The only accent they strongly resent is what they call "the English accent," those *nevahs* and *fellahs* which make the speech of the Admiral so diverting in "The Flag Lieutenant." The Cockney lingo—with all its amusing slang—is certainly more common among educated men than among their women-kind, and the happy home where most of its witticisms are invented is undoubtedly the Stock Exchange. Yet a City man who uses it himself would certainly resent it in his wife, and it would take a diamond-mine to make a feminine person afflicted with the Cockney accent acceptable in Society.



A DINNER-GOWN OF WHITE SATIN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE people one meets in town now have a settled-down look about them—except, of course, the hunting contingent, who are only week-enders. Although the weather's worst enemy could not call it really cold, I have seen quantities of furs worn—not ties and muffs, but long coats of fur, under which the wearers were bravely struggling along, muttering to such friends as they met something about motoring being cold work, to account for their voluntary spell of hard labour. As a matter of fact, we women love furs, and get into them as soon as the calendar permits, even if the climate makes it warm for us. Motoring is a mere excuse, for no woman who has good furs wears them in a motor, because dust ruins them. The coarser kinds are alone suitable for that pursuit.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who accompanied his aunt, Queen Alexandra, to England for a short stay, is the Tsar's only surviving and unmarried brother. On the 22nd of this month he will celebrate his thirtieth birthday. He was always considered to be the favourite son of the late Tsar, and is perhaps the only popular Grand Duke in Russia, being a liberal-minded man. It is said that the Empress Dowager is very anxious for him to marry an English Princess, but not Princess Beatrice of Coburg, to whom he was at one time much attached. The only other young marriageable niece of her Majesty is Princess Patricia of Connaught, who is a young lady difficult to please, and quite happy as she is. The Grand Duke is a fine-looking man, and is very devoted to his beautiful aunt, Queen Alexandra, and like a brother to his cousin, Princess Victoria.

The hunting folk are very happy, beginning their season's sport in lovely weather. The Duchess of Westminster, who thinks a rousing run with hounds one of the best things in life, returned for the first of the season. The Leicestershire contingent mustered strongly. The Countess of Lonsdale—who, with her husband, the Master of the Cottesmore, will be at Barley Thorpe for most of the season—is a genuine sportswoman. All the best hunting-lodges are occupied. I find that the one indispensable thing with hunting people is one of J. Foot and Son's bath-cabinets. Hunting men and women find a Turkish-bath absolutely necessary to keep them in condition. Foot's cabinet is ever so much better than the bath at a public place. It is so arranged that the bather's head is out in the ordinary air, and so no impurities expelled by the skin are breathed. A new addition to its previous excellences is a heat-diffuser that sends the warm vapour down over the feet, and can be turned in any direction. There are arm-holes and a reading-desk on the cover, so that the luxurious process of the bath need not be wearisome. In fact, the thing is perfect. It is supplied from £1 15s., so that it is within the reach of all. That which is most in demand, however, is Model "A," in solid pine, complete for £10. There is no such pleasant and healthful weight-reducer as one of these cabinets. Jockeys use them as the very best way of keeping down weight, and women well know their value alike for keeping their figures in order and their skins healthy, smooth, and clear.

There have been some house-parties for the Liverpool Meeting, and this week there are some for the Derby Meeting, including one by Lord and Lady Burton at Rangemore. Last week, the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch—in distinction to the Tsar's brother, who was at Sandringham and is the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch—with his wife, Countess Torby, stayed at Gatacre Grange for the Liverpool Meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Hall Walker. Mrs. Hall Walker is very picturesque, having silver hair

and a young, handsome face, with grey-blue eyes. She is a descendant of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. Walker is one of the brothers of Sir Peter Walker. He is Hon. Colonel of the Lancashire Artillery, and is M.P. for the Widnes Division of Lancashire. He has a racing-stable at the Curragh, and is a well-known sportsman. Mrs. Hall Walker, who is much in London society, is also fond of racing, and has some fine dogs. Mr. and Mrs. Walker are very rich. The Countess of Kingston is Mr. Hall Walker's sister.

Fashion is exacting to her votaries. There is so complete a change this autumn that nothing short of an entire remodelling is effective—whether of furs or afternoon or evening gowns. The morning tailor-made (which, by the way, is worn during the dark days in the afternoon, except for parties, weddings, or concerts) has its hall-marks of mode of the moment. Consequently, there is a great passing-on of dear dead clothes, and a great endeavour to make some of them emerge phoenix-like from the ashes of the past. Frilleries and flopperies are out of date; the gowns are almost severely plain. Even the cleverest of us are hardly put to it to convert past into present as far as the tenses of fashion are concerned—a fact which tends to keep the modistes and shop-keepers good-humoured.

On "Woman's Ways" page is a drawing of a dinner-gown of white satin, having sleeves and stole-ends of gauze embroidered in black silk.

The bodice is embroidered in black-and-white silk, and there is a black-silk sash. Another drawing is of a smart afternoon frock of sepia-coloured satin, the straps on the bodice embroidered in russet-and-tan, over a blouse of white tucked chiffon.

The diamond pendant reproduced on this page is one of the latest designs of the Parisian Diamond Company, second to none in the artistic jewellery world. The pendant is hung from diamond chains, also quite novel in design, the back portion being of platinum.

Of the ills which feminine human flesh is heir to none is so dreaded as hairs where they are superfluous and disfiguring in a way that we are extremely sensitive about. Madame Tensfeldt, of 40, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, publishes and sends post free on application a booklet, "The Face Perfect" showing that the method of electrolysis practised under her process is simple, painless, and can be applied at home.

The prettiest of Heirs-Apparent—as Prince Olaf of Norway has been called—is to be patron of the *matinée* arranged by Mrs. Alfred Mond in aid of the funds of the Infants' Hospital, Vincent Square. Mrs. Mond is one of the most energetic of Liberal hostesses; she is very hospitable, and is one of the most successful organisers of those entertainments which have for object that of aiding deserving charities. The *matinée* just arranged by Mrs. Mond will take place at the Playhouse on the 26th of this month, and will be an exceptionally brilliant social function, many prominent people in the stage world having promised their services, while royalty will, of course, be present.

Mrs. Godfrey Baring, who is so well known in yachting society as the mistress of Nubia House, Cowes, chose a quaint name for her eldest daughter—Azalea. This pretty little girl, who is as much at home on the sea as on the land, is, through her mother, closely allied to The Mackintosh, but most of her young life has been spent in the Isle of Wight, where both her parents are in their several ways exceedingly popular, and one might almost say equally interested in politics. Mr. and Mrs. Baring have three children—one son and two daughters, Azalea coming next to her brother; while she has a three-year-old sister, who also has a flower name—that of Viola.



A DIAMOND PENDANT BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.



INVALUABLE TO HUNTING PEOPLE: A BATH-CABINET BY MESSRS J. FOOT AND SON, 171, NEW BOND ST., W.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 25.

THE WEEK.

“EVERYTHING ready for bull markets, Taft elected, Yankees booming, trade improving, and the Stock Exchange almost happy, when the wretched Kaiser, with his miserable egotism and mistaken policy, spoils the whole situation.” In words even more terse and expressive than the above, a big operator gave us his opinion of “men and mice” on Thursday last. We sympathise with our friend, for in truth it is very disappointing to find that, no sooner is one unpleasant international position improved than a new and still more unpleasant one crops up in the most unexpected quarter. These political markets are very heart-breaking, disregarding as they do all question of merit and hitting alike the just and the unjust. Only Yankees have been able to resist the influence of the European situation, and that because New York and not London makes the prices. Bull points such as the settlement of the cotton dispute and the success of the Midland Railway Conciliation Board have no effect on Home Rails, and even Canadian Pacifics cannot be made to jump with Americans.

CONSOLS AND THE GILT-EDGED MARKET.

Weekly tremors lest there may be a rise in the Bank Rate will, no doubt, be with us until the actual alteration takes place, and the result proves that nobody is a penny the worse. The present minimum has existed long enough for many people to have forgotten what it is; stop and think for a moment, and see whether you know if it is 2 or 2½ per cent. Money is easy enough, and, for carrying over Consols, can be obtained at 2 per cent. Why, then, don't Consols go better? To reply that the reason is because nobody buys them merely throws the question back a step. Why does nobody buy them? In a line, it is because investors want more interest on their money than Consols yield. In a word, it is Competition. Nor do we quite see how this element is going to quit the scene for some time to come yet, and therefore, to our mind, the Consol Market is in for continuance of the dull depression. A fairly heavy issue of new Irish Land stock overhangs the market, and unless the power of absorption becomes quickened in an unexpected manner, the gilt-edged market will be the place to grin and bear, rather than grin and bull.

MINING MATTERS.

With the jump in Copper shares it is not surprising that more attention should be directed to the Broken Hill group, and the quiet hardening of values in this department will come very welcome to the holders who have endured for so long a time nothing but disappointment and hope deferred. At present, of course, there is still little except more hope upon which to work; but movements in copper are often reflected in tin—if the expression is permissible—and in other baser metals too. The strength of copper exerts a favourable influence upon De Beers, through Paris channels, and Kaffirs as a whole take an important cue from the Diamond shares. Tips continue to be freely circulated that Chartered are to go better, but the advice comes from highly interested sources. For two low-priced Copper shares, we would indicate Mount Lyells as a speculative investment, and Newhouse, at a guinea, for a gamble.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

Past the dismal Kaffir Circus, past the Tinto Market—where a very juvenile gentleman was bidding for shares as though his heart would break if he did not get them—past a few Grand Trunk pillarettes, Our Stroller made his way down Throgmorton Street.

Outside Shorter's Court he came to anchorage.

The scene was animated enough to attract anyone's attention. Men darted in and out, up and down the Court, in broad patches of light one second, in deep shadow the next. Boys with mugs of cocoa, boys with cables, boys with nothing but an extraordinary facility for upsetting their elders at no damage to themselves. A blind man selling matches at the corner of the court; a shoeblack doing a good trade; and the roar of the market over it all.

“Whatter Atch?”

“Not mentioned. Bid the five last.”

“Whatter Atch?”

“At thr'eighths buy Atch. At a half buy Atch. Buy a hundred at the nine!”

“At the eleven sell Atch! Sell five hundred at the eleven! At five-eighths sell Atch. At five—Right you. One hundred.”

“Atchisons have just changed hands at 99½,” a dealer observed to a broker who strolled up at the moment.

The broker nodded. “What are Milwaukee?”

“Let me have a look,” and in a second the jobber disappeared into the shouting, noisy crowd which clustered round the little box where cables came through incessantly from New York, decoded by the attendants.

“Takes a long time, doesn't he?” said the broker to our friend. Ah, here he comes.”

“Awfully sorry to keep you waiting, old man”—he had been

gone less than thirty seconds—“but there isn't any market in them here. Can I go to New York? Are you——?”

“Two hundred,” said the broker. “How long will it take you to cable?”

“Get an answer in five to ten minutes, or less,” was the cryptic reply. “Let me see,” and away he went again. “I've sent to the other side,” he said, returning in a minute.

“Wonderful market,” observed the broker. “Won't there be an awful smash here one day, don't you think?”

And still the roar was going on: “At three-quarters buy Union; at the thirteen buy 'em! At seven-eighths buy Union!” And then, with a mighty shout, that momentarily subdued all the other hubbub—

“At The Figure buy Union!”

“Marvellous, isn't it?” said the dealer, as the general roar broke out again—Eries, Steel, Paces, even Baltimore and Louisville being shouted in tenor, alto, bass, and all the varying shades of voice permitted by the three tones.

“Can it last, d'you think?”

“Just as long as it happens to suit New York to make it last,” replied a bystander, puffing vigorously at his pipe, “and not a minute longer.”

“Then you're not in favour of the market?” demanded Our Stroller.

“My dear fellow, it's useless to attempt thinking in such a gamble as this. Personally, I am convinced they mean to have Copper much better, and if Copper, then Yankees.”

“Does that follow?”

“As the night the day.”

The dealer who had gone to the “other side” for a Milwaukee quotation hurried up and made the broker a price. Our Stroller glanced at his watch. The operation had taken four minutes, and it took nearly as long before the deal was completed, after much haggling.

Our Stroller overheard the dealer remark to another near by that he was going to get a quarter on it anyway.

“Could do with a tanner myself,” commented the other man; “if your chap comes along again—”

Our Stroller turned away, to come face to face with his broker, who knew our friend's peculiarities too well to be surprised at seeing him in Shorter's Court.

“Lively times, these,” remarked the client. “You must all be making your fortunes.”

“In the first place, my dear Sir, the amount of business being done for the English is very small. The people with Continental connections and some of the Jew firms are really busy, and so are the arbitrage; but I can assure you that the actual British orders are comparatively few. Besides, everything's cut so fine.”

“Cut so fine?”

“I mean in the way of commission. Now, I've just this minute left a man who has bought two hundred Milwaukee. He takes the risk—the money runs into some six thousand pounds—for how much commission do you suppose?”

“A tanner,” replied Our Stroller promptly.

“Not he! Gets sixpence a share, and returns half. Two pounds ten the lot, for doing a job like that! That's what's killing our market.”

“Then all I can say is that the market looks uncommonly healthy during the process,” laughed Our Stroller, as the twain adjourned for something to—eat.

Saturday, Nov. 7, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

TYNEDALE. We have answered both your letters. The mine shares are most unpopular in the market, which firmly believes that more money must soon be wanted. If the bucket-shop pays, let us know.

DELTA.—The Kaffir is a fair speculation, but the Bitumen a mere gamble. Take a fair profit on the shares you bought; we should never advise you to fix a hard-and-fast price in advance.

W. S. E.—Yes, a fair speculative share. The Company was, of course, over-capitalised, hence the present price of the Deferred. It is well managed.

JOHNNY.—The bucket-shop is certainly in trouble. We think you run a risk of not getting paid in full.

CHEZ LUI.—(1) We hesitate to recommend these shares, as nothing is worse than a weak Bank, which has, in order to live, to take all the bad business its rivals refuse; (2) The railway is slowly improving, and if you do not mind a long shot the Pref. might be bought; (3) We have no faith; (4) This Company has been reconstructed as Africa Trust, Limited; shares not promising; (5) Ditto. The prices shall be sent you by post.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Derby Gold Cup may be won by Altitude. Other selections are: Markheaton Plate, Snatch; Rangemore Stakes, Cyanin; Chesterfield Nursery, Ute; Allestree Plate, St. Clare; Chatsworth Plate, Gold Coin; Osmaston Nursery, The Fastnet; Friary Nursery, Pendant. At Lingfield Gold Sand may win the Yewhurst Welter, Barefoot the November Nursery, Detection the Back End Handicap, and Double Thrush the Winter Welter. At Warwick Heath Lad may win the November Handicap, Fallen Angel the Midland Counties Handicap, and Caw the Warwick Nursery.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Golden Precipice." By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Cassell.)—"The Passer-by." By Prince Pierre Troubetskoy. (Grant Richards.)—"The Magician." By William Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann.)

THERE is no nonsense about "The Golden Precipice." It is a good, old-fashioned, 'longshoreman's yarn, and none the worse for it. There is always a public, or a public school, for the story of the dilapidated, madly-manned craft that sails under sealed orders, and eventually casts anchor off a treasure-island, the crew that mutinies and re-mutinies, clapping in irons, pistol-shots, alarms and excursions, the mysterious stranger and his beautiful daughter, the gallant young engineer, the swaggering, devil-may-care captain, the fight for the gold and the chart that marks its hiding-place. Mr. Marriott Watson realises this full well, and does not hesitate to take advantage of his knowledge in the breezy, easy way that has earned him many friends. Certainly, his latest effort in the way of romancing will not lessen the circle of his admirers.

Prince Pierre Troubetskoy's work is of a vastly different order: it is a novel of temperament, not adventure. The temperament is owned by the beautiful Mrs. Mooré, the Angela who scarcely realises her name, and it is an embarrassment to her, as temperaments are apt to be. Her husband finds all his pleasure in his business—a dangerous thing for a man wedded to a neurotic young lady; and so it is that Mrs. Moore is in revolt when she receives her friend's wire: "Will arrive to-day may I dine with you to-night and bring Mr. Lore with love.—ELIZABETH." Mr. Lore is brought—with love—and the complications begin. The most important of these is one Serge Kamensky, who also comes with love, and a great capacity for hate. Lore and Angela believe that they adore one another. Lore is rather a vapid person, and he has a habit of picking Kamensky's brains and using the contents with which to woo. So Kamensky begins to undermine Angela's affection for her lover and her belief in him, saying to her things that he knows Lore will repeat, gradually convincing her that he is a mere doll, a walking phonograph. At last, even, he persuades him to go abroad with him, and influences him to grow a beard, a beard that is the outward sign of the inward unoriginality, an imitative beard in which he looks ridiculous, an inferior water-colour copy of his oily master. Then he sends him back to the waiting woman, proof that he is but

an echo. So a revulsion of feeling comes to Angela, and she cleaves to her husband again—a happy ending to matters that is somewhat unconvincing. Prince Pierre Troubetskoy has no cause to fear that his work will lack readers.

William Somerset Maugham the M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. is much in evidence in "The Magician": some will say too much, and argue that the doctor in the author has proved greater than the discretion. With those we shall be in agreement, for Mr. Maugham gives us in that chapter in which he describes the results of Oliver Haddo's attempts to prove the possibility of spontaneous generation, to create the organic from the inorganic, to bring to existence *homunculi*, the feeling that we have been in a medical museum gazing at those bottled specimens that are horror to the untrained eye. The sense of nausea is the greater in that we are assured that the author need not have gone so far to gain his ends. That side of the question apart, we have nothing but praise for Mr. Maugham's latest work. It is terribly, uncannily fascinating—eerie, haunting. The magician himself is a very remarkable creation, the more remarkable in that the novelist has been wise enough not to make his appearance the shadow of his substance—save in its grossness. He is fat, this man-brute—

He was a man of great size, two or three inches more than six feet high; but the most noticeable thing about him was a vast obesity . . . he had the neck of a bullock . . . the look of a very wicked, sensual priest. . . . His eyes were the most curious thing about him. They were not large, but of an exceedingly pale blue, and they looked at you in a way that was singularly embarrassing. At first Susie could not discover in what precisely their peculiarity lay, but in a moment she found out: the eyes of most persons converge when they look at you, but Oliver Haddo's, naturally or by a habit he had acquired for effect, remained parallel.

And he practises the black arts. Horses tremble at his touch, dogs and cats flee from his presence, poisonous snakes bite him and he is unharmed, he has conjured up the dead; so powerful is he that he can attract man or woman to their doom, to do his will. Thus he attracts Margaret Dauncey, fills her with an insensate desire, wreaks his revenge on Arthur Burdon by taking Margaret from him, marrying her, and seeking to sacrifice her in his ghastly experiments, drawing the Hyde from her, stifling the Jekyll. He is "neither beast nor human, he is neither man nor woman." He is a fiend incarnate; yet while one shrinks from him, one is fascinated by his power for evil, bound to watch his every movement, held to his personality by chains that are snapped only when he meets a fitting end.



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